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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SPEECH OF REV. THEODORE PARKER,

Delivered in the Massachusetts Representatives' Hall, Friday Evening, Jan. 29, 1858.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall not hold you long to-night. There are others to speak after me, who have better claims to your attention—the one for his race, the other for the personal attributes of eloquence which, in America, have never reached a higher height, nor exhibited themselves in so fair a form. The hand of the dial shall pass round once, and I leave this spot, to be filled more worthily. During these sixty minutes, I ask your attention to some thoughts on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Present Duty of the North.

Mr. Guizot—one of the most learned and humane of the European statesmen—prefaced one edition of his "History of Representative Government" by stating that the conditions of National welfare were far more difficult than the too sanguine hopes of mankind had ever led them to expect. If that were so in Europe, where centuries of bitter experience have taught men to be cautious in their hopes, how much truer it is in America, where we think liberty is so natural to the soil and congenial to man that it needs no support from the people, but will thrive of its own sweet accord!

In some respects, our experiment is simpler than the great attempts at freedom made before us in the old world; in some others, it is more complex and difficult. All the old forms of civilization were based on Unity of Race. It was so with the Romans, Greeks, Persians, Hebrews, Egyptians, East Indians. The same holds good of the Moors, who mark the transition from ancient to modern times. All the mediæval attempts at civilization had the same character—in Spain, Italy, France, Germany, England itself. Civilization hitherto has belonged only to the Caucasian race. The Africans have remained strangers to it in all times past; they could not achieve it for themselves at the time, hitherto never rising above the savage or the barbarous state; no other people brought it to them, or them to it save in small numbers.

It was left for America to begin a new experiment in the History of Civilization—to bring divers races into closest contact. The Catholic Spaniard began the experiment: he mixed his blood with the Red-man, whose country he subdued; he brought hither also the Black-man. Thus the African savage, the American barbarian and the civilized Caucasian of Spain became joint stockholders in this new coparency of races. The Protestant Briton continued what his Catholic Spaniard predecessor had begun; and while the Puritan was painfully voyaging to Plymouth, in the wilderness seeking an asylum where the Apocalyptic woman might bear her man-child to grow up in freedom, other Saxons were bringing a ship-load of negroes to the wilderness, to become slaves forever. Thus the African came to British and Spanish America. Out of the 60,000,000 inhabitants of this continent, I take it about 9,000,000 are of this unfortunate race.

In the United States to-day, four of the five great races live side by side. There are some 60,000 or 80,000 Mongolian Chinese in California, I am told; there are 400,000 American Indians within our borders—perhaps 4,500,000 Africans, and 26,000,000 Caucasians. The union of such diverse ethnological elements makes our experiment of democracy more complex, and perhaps more difficult, than it would otherwise be.

The Mongolians are few in numbers, and so transient in their stay that nothing more need now be said of them.

It is plain where the Red-man will go. In two hundred years, an Indian will be as rare in the United States as now in New England. Like the bear and the buffalo, he perishes with the forest, which to him and them was what cultivated fields, towns and cities are to us. Our fathers tried to enslave the ferocious and unprogressive Indian; he would not work—for himself as a freeman, nor for others as a slave; he would fight. He would not be enslaved—he could not help being killed. He perishes before us. The sinewy Caucasian labourer lays holds on the phlegmatic Indian warrior; they struggle in deadly grasp—naked man to naked man, hand to shoulder, knee to knee, breast to breast; the white man bends the red man over, crushes him down, and chokes him dead. It is always so when the civilized meets the savage, or the barbarian—naked man to naked man: how much more fatal is the issue to the feeble when the white man has the Small Pox for his ally, and Rum for his tomahawk! In the long run of history, the race is always to the swift, and the battle to the strong. The Indian will perish—utterly and soon.

The African is the most docile and pliant of all the races of men; none has so little ferocity; vengeance, instantial with the Caucasian, is exceptional in his history. In his barbarous, savage or even wild state, he is not much addicted to revenge; always prone to mercy. No race is so strong in the affectional instinct which attaches man to man by tender ties; none so easy, indolent, confiding, so little warlike. Hence is it that the white men have kidnapped the black, and made him their prey.

This piece of individual biography tells us the sad history of the African race. Not long since, a fugitive slave told me his adventures. I will call him John—'tis not his name. He is an entire negro—his grandfather was brought direct from the Congo coast to America. A stout man, thick set, able-bodied, with great legs and mighty arms, he could take any man from this platform, and hurl him thrice his length. He was a slave—active, intelligent, and much confided in. He had a wife and children. One day his master, in a fit of rage, struck at him with a huge club, which broke both of his arms; they were awkwardly set, and grew out deformed. The master promised to sell the man to himself for a large sum, and take the money by instalments, a little at a time. But when more than half of it was paid, he actually sold him to a trader, to be taken further South, and there disposed of. The appeals of the wife, the tears of the children, moved not the master whom justice had also failed to touch. As the boat which contained poor John shot by the point of land where he had lived, his wife stood upon the shore, and held her babies up for him to look upon for the last time. Descending the Mississippi, the captain of the boat had the river fever, lost his sight for the time, and John took the command. One night, far down the Mississippi river, he found himself on board a boat with the three kidnappers who had him in their power, and intended to sell him. They were asleep below—the captain still blind with the disease—he watchful on deck. "I crept down barefoot," said John. "There they lay in their bunks, all fast asleep. They had money, and I none. I had done them no harm, but they had torn me from my wife, from my children, from my liberty. I stole up noiselessly, and came back again, the boat's axe in my hand. I lifed it up, and grit my teeth together, and was about to strike: and it came into my mind, 'No murderer hath eternal life.' I put the axe back in its place, and was sold into slavery. What would you have done in such a case?" I told him that I thought I should have sent the kidnappers to their own place first, and then trusted that the act would be imputed to me for righteousness by an all-righteous God! I need not ask what Mr. Garrison would do in like case. I think his Saxon blood would move swift enough to sweep off his non-resistant creed, and the three kidnappers would have started on their final journey before he asked, "*Where shall I go?*"

John's story is also the story of Africa. The stroke of an axe would have settled the matter long ago. But the black man would not strike. One day perhaps he will do what yonder monument commends.

At this moment, we have perhaps 4,500,000 men of African descent in the United States; say 4,000,000 slaves, 500,000 free. They are with us, are of us; America cannot be rid of them if she would. Shall they continue slaves, or be set free? What consequences will follow either result? This is the great question for America. It is the question of Industry, of Morals, of Religion; it is the immediate question of Politics. It does not concern the 4,000,000 slaves alone, but also each of the 26,000,000 Caucasian freemen. On it depends the success or the failure of our experiment of Democracy. The bondage of a class may continue in a despotism; there it is no contradiction to a national Idea. It is different in a Democracy which rests on the equality of all men in natural rights. So here the question of slavery is this: "Shall we have an industrial Democracy, or a military Despotism?" If you choose Slavery, then you take the consequences of Slavery, which can no more be separated from it than cold from ice. No nation can escape the consequences of its own first principle of politics. The logic of the idea is the "Manifest Destiny" of the people. If Slavery continues, Democracy goes down—the form of Republicanism, or of constitutional Monarchy, will perish—and Absolute Military Despotism take their place at last. From Despotism, as seed reared in the national garden, comes Despotism, as national crop, growing in the continental field.

This question of Slavery does not concern America alone; all Christendom likewise is party to this contest. It is a question of Industry, Commerce, Education, Morals, Religion; to the civilized world, it is the great question of civilization itself. Shall this great continent be delivered over to Ideas which help the progress of mankind, or to those which only hinder it?

Every year brings America into closer relations with the rest of mankind. Our slavery becomes, therefore, an element in the world's politics. See, then, for a moment, how the various Christian nations stand affected towards it.

Just now, there are but five great national powers in the civilized or Christian world. Spain, Italy and Greece pass for nothing—they have no influence in the progressive movements of mind, are no longer a force in the world's civilization. They are not wholly dead; but so far as they affect other peoples, it is by the thought of past generations, not the present. I pass those three decaying nations by, and look at the live peoples. There is (1) the Russian Power—a great Slavic People; (2) the French Power—a great Celtic People; (3) the German Power—a great Teutonic People, in many nations or States, with Slavic and Celtic elements mixed in; (4) the English Power—another great Saxon-Teutonic People, with Celtic annexations; and (5) the American Power—a great English Saxon-Teutonic People, with diverse mixtures from the rest of mankind. All the four act on the fifth, and influence our treatment of this question of Slavery.

I. Russia is mighty by its vast territory, its great natural resources, its immense population, its huge army—appointed and commanded well—its strong central government, its diplomatic talent, and the people's ability to spread. The Government is despotic, but yet one of the most progressive in Christendom. With the slavery of Africans, Russia has no direct concern; she has much to do with that of white Caucasians. She is rapidly putting an end to slavery in her own borders. Not many years ago, the late Emperor Nicholas emancipated all the serfs he had inherited as his own private property. They amounted to more than 7,500,000 men; he established over 4,000 schools for the education of their children. Alexander, his son, had not been in the imperial seat three years, before he published a decree for the gradual and ultimate emancipation of all the serfs in the empire. Their number must exceed the entire population of the United States. Here is the decree, dated the 20th of last November—the 2d of December by our New Style calendar. The proprietors of two large provinces—St. Petersburg and Lithunia—containing nearly three million souls—some weeks since, asked permission to emancipate their serfs at once. Yesterday's steamer brings also the welcome news that the proprietors of Nishni-Novogorod have just done the same. This province is as large as Virginia, with a population of 1,500,000, and, with the exception of the capital and its environs, is the richest and most intellectual part of the empire. It abounds with manufactories; every year, 300,000 strangers from Asia and elsewhere trade in its fairs. You would expect the most enlightened population to demand the immediate freedom of the serfs. Russia has become an ally on our side. Her example favours freedom. Soon you will find a change in the Southern newspapers, and in the American Government, which they direct and control. In the Crimean war, when Russia fought for injustice, they sustained her as the ally of their own despotism, and fought against England as their foe. All that will soon change; and already Southern papers denounce the enfranchisement of the Russian serf. "The example is dangerous": "the condition of the British West Indies, and of Hayti, might have taught Alexander a better lesson."

II. The French are powerful through the character of the people—the most military in the world—their science, letters, art, the high civilization of the land. France has had a long and sad connection with African slavery. Once she was the most cruel of cruel masters. In her first Revolution, of 1789, the chain was broken—but its severed links united again. In the last Revolution, of 1848, at the magic word of Lamartine, expressing the revolutionary thought of the people, the fetters were not only broken off, but cast into the sea. France, for a moment, was the ally of Freedom—and, of course, encountered the noisy wrath of the Southern States. But the Celtic French, the most fickle people in the world, revolution their normal state, perpetually turning round and round, have elected a tyrant for their master, and now worship the Emperor. He has "crushed out" freedom from the French press as completely as our own Mr. Cushing wished to do in America. The new tyrant attempts to revive the African slave trade, and has already made arrangements for kidnapping 5,000 savages in Africa, and sending them as missionaries to Christianize the West Indies! What will come of this scheme, I know not. But just now, the political power of France is hostile to freedom everywhere. When the Emperor has pad-locked even the French *mouth*, no wonder he finds it easy to chain the negro's hands. No doubt the intellectual and moral power of France are on our side as before; but both are silent and of no avail. The French Emperor is the "little Napoleon" of the African slave trade. Great is the joy thereat in the Southern States; already their newspapers glorify the "profound policy," "the wise and humane statesmanship of the great Emperor."

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

III. The Germans are of our blood and language—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—with the same blue eyes, the same brown hair, and ruddy cheek, and instinctive love of individuality. The people which began the civilization of modern times by inventing the Press, and originating the Protestant Reformation, can it ever be false to Freedom? Germany acts on mankind by Thought—by great ideas. What France is for war, England for commerce, and Russia for the brute power of men, that is Germany for thought. The Germans have had connection with African slavery, but have ended it. Sweden begun the work some years ago; then Denmark followed; now, within the last few months, Holland has finished it. Here are the documents. Soon the last footsteps of German Oppression will be covered up by the black man rejoicing in his freedom. Though their rulers are often tyrants, our German kinsfolk are on our side—God bless them!

IV. England has great power by her political institutions, her army and navy, her commerce and manufactures, her power of practical thought, her great wealth, her mighty spread. She and her children control a sixth part of the globe, and nearly a fourth part of its people. No tribe of men has done such service for freedom as the Anglo-Saxons in Britain and America. England has had connection with African slavery—her hand has been dyed deep in the negro's blood. She planted slavery in her provinces throughout the country and its many islands; the ocean reeked with the foul steam of her slave-ships. She was a hard master, and men died by millions under her lash. But nobly did the dear old mother put this wickedness away. She abolished the slave trade, making it piracy; at length, she abolished slavery itself, and in one day threw into the sea the fetters of 800,000 men. Well did Lord Brougham say it was "the greatest triumph ever won over the foulest wrong man ever did against man." England need not boast of Agincourt, Cressy, Poictiers, and many another victorious fight, at Waterloo, Sebastopol, or Delhi; the most glorious victory her annals record was achieved on the first of August, in the first year of Victoria, when Justice triumphed over such giant wrong. Nobly has she contended against the slave trade, rousing the tardy conscience of Brazil, and not quite vainly galvanizing Spain into some show of humanity. She has shamed even the American government—and I think we have a sloop-of-war on the African coast which we yearly hear of in the annual appropriation bill!

But such nobleness is exceptional even in England; the world has seen no such example before. That emancipation was not brought about by the privileged class, the royal and nobilitary, who officially reign, or the commercial class, who actually govern the nation; but by the moral class, whose conscience stirred the people, and constrained the government to do so just a deed. Of course, a reaction must follow. We see its effect to-day. There is a party which favours African slavery. Mr. Carlyle is the heroic representative thereof. Personally amiable, in his ideas he is the Goliath of slavery. Just now the London *Times* appears to favour this reactionary movement, and its powerful articles are reprinted with great jubilation in the American newspapers, which hate England because they love the slavery which she has hated so long. There is no time to inquire into the cause of this reaction. It affects the political class, and still more certain commercial classes to whom "Cotton is King." Great is the delight of the South; the Slave Power sings *Te deums* to *its* God. A bill was before the Senate, not long since, appropriating $3,750 to pay the masters for twelve slaves who ran away and were carried off by the British in the war of 1812—whom the captors refused to deliver up to "democratic bondage." Mr. Hale opposed the bill, because it recognised the doctrine that there may be property in human beings, declaring that neither by vote nor by silence would he recognise so odious and false a doctrine. Mr. Seward joined in the opposition. But Mr. Fugitive Slave Bill Mason came to the rescue; and, after referring to the anti-slavery opinions of the British, declared he was "*gratified to see those opinions are rapidly undergoing a change.*" What signs of such a rapid change he may have seen I know not; nor what sympathies with the Slave Power the accomplished British Minister, new in this field, may have expressed to him. "Diplomacy is a silent art." But I think Mr. Mason greatly mistakes the British Public if he believes they will be fickle in their love of right. The Anglo-Saxon has always been a resolute tribe. I believe John Bull is the most obstinate of all national animals. When his instinctive feelings and his reflective conscience commend the same thing, depend upon it he will not want the will.

There may have been a change in the British Government, though I doubt it much; there has been in the London *Times*. In the "Cotton Lords," I take it, there is no alteration of doctrine, only an utterance of what they have long thought. The opinion of the British People I think has only changed to a yet greater hatred against slavery. The Anti-Slavery party in England has immense power—not so much by its numbers, or its wealth, as by its intelligence, and still more by that Justice which, in the long run of time, is always sure of the victory. At the head of this party I must place Lord Brougham, now drawing near the end of a long and most laborious life, not without its eccentricities, but mainly devoted to the highest interests of the human race. Within the four seas of Britain, I think there lives no man who has done so much to proclaim Ideas of justice and humanity, and to diffuse them among the people. If he could not oftener organize them into law, it was because he took too long a step in advance of public opinion; and he that would lead a child must always hold its hand. Nearly fifty years ago (June 14, 1810), he fought against the slave trade, and drew on him the wrath of men "who live by treachery, rapine, torture, and murder, and are habitually practising the worst of crimes for the worst of purposes." Long ago he declared—"There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man." When the little tyrant of France revives the slave trade, the great champion of human right roused him once more for battle, and the British Government has taken the affair in hand: the British love of Justice will triumph in this contest. Why, the History of England is pledged as security therefor.

Such, to-day, is the opinion of the four great nations of Christian Europe. What if the despotic power of the French Emperor be against us; what if, for a moment, the Cotton Lords of England lead a few writers and politicians to attempt the restoration of bondage; the history of England and her conscience, the intelligence of France and Germany, the example of Russia are on our side. Yes, the teaching of universal human history. All these come with their accumulated force to help the rights and the moral feeling of America.

The American Government has long been on the side of slavery. The present Administration is more openly hostile to freedom than any of its predecessors. Mr. Buchanan is, no doubt, weak and infatuated, strong only in his wrong-headedness; his Cabinet is palsied with slavery. But he has done one service which was thought hopelessly difficult—he has already made President Pierce's administration respectable. We complain of the New Hampshire General; but the little finger of Buchanan's left hand is thicker than Pierce's whole loins.

Since we met last, the Federal Government has committed two outrages more.

I. The first is the Dred Scott Decision. The Supreme Court is only the dirty mouth of the Slave Power—its chief function to belch forth iniquity and name it law. Of the decision itself, I need not speak. It is the political opinion of seven partisans appointed to do officially that wickedness which their personal nature also, no doubt, inclined them to. That Court went a little beyond itself—out-Heroding Herod.

Two Northern Judges, only two, McLean and Curtis, opposed the wrong. I think nobody will accuse me of any personal prejudice in favour of Judge Curtis, or any undue partiality towards him. His conduct, on other and trying occasions, has been justly condemned on the anti-slavery platform, and is not likely to be soon forgot, nor should it ever be. But I should do great injustice to you and him, and still more to my own feelings, if I let this occasion pass without a word of honest and hearty praise of that able lawyer and strong-minded man. He opposed the "decision": with but a single Northern Judge to support him, with two Northern Judges to throw technical difficulties in his way, and oppose him by coward treachery, with five Southern Judges openly attacking and brow-beating him, with both the outgoing and incoming Administration to oppress and mock at him, with subtle and treacherous advisers at home to beguile his steps and watch for his halting, did Judge Curtis stand up at Washington, amid those corrupt and wicked Judges, and, in the name of History which they falsified, of Law which they profaned, of Justice which they mocked at, with a manliness which Story never showed on such occasions, be pronounced his sentence against the wicked Court. I remember his former conduct with indignation and with shame; but no blackness of the old record shall prevent me from turning over a new leaf, and with golden letters writing there—*In the Supreme Court,* JUDGE CURTIS DEFENDED, ONCE, THE HIGHER LAW OF RIGHT.

I am truly sorry his manhood did not stay by him, and continue his presence in that Court. The defence of his resignation is found in the inadequacy of the salary. It was $4,500 when he took it, $6,000 when he left it. A pitiful reason—by no means the true one. Samuel Adams was a poor man: I do not think he would have left his seat in the revolutionary Congress because more money could be made by the cod-fishery or by privateering.

II. The Dred Scott decision was the first enormity. The next is Gen. Walker's filibustering expedition. I regard this as the act of the Government. "What you do by another, you do also by yourself," is a maxim older than the Roman Law which preserves it. I am not inclined generally to place much confidence in Walker's word, but he sometimes tells the truth. In a recent speech at Mobile, he says he had an interview with the President last summer, and declared his intention of returning to Nicaragua: his (filibustering) letter was published with the President's consent. A member of the Cabinet sought a confidential interview with him, told him where he might go with safety, where only with danger, and added, "You will, probably, sail in an American vessel, under the American flag. After you have passed American limits, no one can touch you but by consent of this Government." A Cabinet minister told one of Walker's friends, if he made an alliance with Mexico, and *attempted the conquest of Cuba,* "*means shall not be lacking to carry out the enterprise.*" Walker says the Government arrested him, not because he attacked Nicaragua, but because he did not attack Mexico! I hold the Federal Government responsible alike for the conduct of Walker and the Supreme Court.

But omitting particulars, looking only at the general course of the Government, you find it favours slavery with continued increase of intensity. Let not this rest on my testimony alone, or your judgment. Here is "An Address delivered before the Euphemian and Philomathean Literary Societies of Erskine College, at the Annual Commencement, Wednesday, August 12th, 1857, by Richard Yeadon, Esq., of Charleston, S. C." Mr. Yeadon is a Representative man, editor of the *Charleston Courier*, and a staunch defender of the peculiar institution. He tells us he comes "rather to sow the good seed of truth than to affect the arts or graces of oratory; to teach the lessons of history, and impress the deductions of reason, than to twine the garlands of science or strew the roses of literature": he would "combine the didactic in large measure with the rhetorical." He discusses the character of the Federal Government and its relation to slavery, "on which rest the pillars of the great social fabric of the South." He attempts to show that the Constitution was so framed as to uphold slavery and check freedom; and that the Federal Government has carried out the plan with such admirable vigour that now slavery can stand by its own strength. But you must have his own words:

"The new Constitution not only recognised, sanctioned and guaranteed it (slavery) as a State institution, sacred within State limits from Federal invasion or interference, but also so far as to foster and expand it, by federal protection and agency, wherever it was legalized, within State or territorial limits; to uphold it by federal power and the federal arm, against domestic violence or foreign invasion; and to make it an element of federal organization and existence, by adopting it as a basis of federal representation and a source of federal revenue."

"From that day to this, the institution *of domestic slavery,* within the several States, *has been regarded and held sacred, as a reserved right,* exclusively within State jurisdiction and *beyond the constitutional power of Congress or of the General Government, except for guarantee, protection and defence; it being one and the chief of those 'particular interests,' which the Convention had in view, as enhancing the difficulty of their work.*"

"*The General Government and the co-States are bound, by constitutional duty and federal compact, to uphold and defend the institution,* wherever it lawfully exists, *in any of the States.*"

"Indeed, so unquestionable is the exclusive jurisdiction of State sovereignty, except in the way of guarantee and protection, over the institution of slavery within State limits, that even the high priest and arch-fiend of political free-soilism, Wm. H. Seward, in his speech in Congress, on the admission of California into the Union, thus conceded it—'No free State claims to extend its legislation into a slave State. None claims that Congress shall usurp power to abolish slavery in the slave States'; and the wildest fanatics of abolitionism, of the Parker and Garrison school, acknowledge that their atrocious crusade against the South can only achieve its unhallowed aims by trampling as well on the Constitution of their country as on the Oracles of God."

He has admiration for one Northern man who has been remarkably faithful to the ideas and plans of the Slave Power. He says it is the duty of the General Government to protect slavery by suppressing insurrectionary movements, or attempts at domestic violence, and to turn out the whole force of the Republic, regular and militia:

"It was in contemplation of such a contingency, such a *casus foideris,* that the eloquent, accomplished and gifted Everett (now dedicating his extraordinary powers of composition and elocution, *under the auspices of 'The Southern Matron,'* a patriot daughter of the Palmetto State, to the purchase and consecration of the home and the grave of Washington, as the Mecca of America), in his maiden speech, as the representative in Congress of the City of Boston, in 1846, then fresh from the pulpit, in *honourable contrast with the dastardly Sumners* and bullying Burlingames of the present day, thus patriotically and fervently spoke—'Sir, I am no soldier. My habits and education are very unmilitary; but there is no cause in which I would sooner buckle a knapsack on my back, and put a musket on my shoulder, than that of putting down a servile insurrection in the South.'"

The newspapers say, with exquisite truth, that Mr. Everett "is the greatest literary ornament of the entire continent of America." So he is: but to Mr. Yeadon he is also a great hero, the iron man of courage, unlike the "*dastardly Sumners,*" and "*the dishonoured and perjured miscreants, Seward, Sumner, et id omne genus,* who advocated the 'higher law doctrine'" (p. 15—note).

He thus sums up the whole of our history:

"*The American Union . . . has been the great bulwark of . . . Southern slavery, and has, in fact, nursed and fostered it,* from a feeble and ricketty infancy, into a giant manhood and maturity, and self-sustaining power, *able to maintain itself either in the Union or out of the Union,* as may best comport with the future policy and welfare of the Southern States."

"Finally, to crown all, comes, in august majesty, the decision of the Supreme Judicatory of the United States, in the case of Dred Scott, *pronouncing the Missouri restriction unconstitutional, null and void, and declaring all territories of the Union, present and future,* when acquired by purchase or conquest, by common treasure or common blood, *to be held by the General Government,* as a trustee for the common benefit of all the States, and *open to every occupancy and residence of the citizens of every State, with their property of every description, including slaves,* reposing under the egis of the Constitution."

"The cheering result, then, is that the Southern States stand now on stronger and higher ground than at any previous period of our history; and this, under the progressive and constitutional action of the General Government, blotting out invidious lines, establishing the broad platform of State equality, *demolishing squatter sovereignty,* retrieving the errors of the past, and furnishing new securities for the future."

"The number of slaveholding States has been increased to fifteen out of an aggregate of thirty one States, with a fair prospect of *further increase in Texas, and in other territory, acquired, or to be acquired, from Mexico, in the Carribbean sea, and still further South.*"

The slave States, he says, no longer "conceding domestic slavery to be a 'moral, social and political evil,' any more than any other system of menial and prædial labour, but able . . . to defend it as consistent with Scriptural teachings, and as an *ordinance of Jehovah for the culture and welfare of the staple States,* and the civilization and Christianization of the African." To them he says, "Cotton is King, and destined to rule the nations with imperial sway" (p. 46).

The slaveholders feel stronger than ever before. This privileged class, the "Nobility of Democracy," counts only 350,000 in all. Feeble in numbers, the Slave Power is strong in position—holding the great Federal offices, Judicial, Executive and military—stronger in purpose and in will. "The hope, the courage of assailants is always greater than that of those who act merely on the defensive." At the South, it rules the non-slaveholders, as at the North it has had also the Democratic party under its thumb. There is a secret article in the creed of that party, which demands unconditional submission to the infallibility of the negro-driver. Senator Toombs has no slaves in Georgia who yield to his will more submissively than to the whim of the Southern master crouches Hon. Mr. Cushing, whose large intellectual talents, great attainments and consummate political art, in this hall so fitly represent the town of Newburyport. It is the glory of the Northern Democratic party that it has been the most cringing slave to the haughtiest and unworthiest master in the world. All individuality seemed "crushed out," to use Mr. Cushing's own happy phrase. Within eight months, every Northern State has had a State Democratic Convention, each of which has passed resolutions endorsing the Dred Scott decision. This act implies no individuality of thought or of will. The Southern master gave command to each Northern squad of Democrats—"Make ready your resolutions in support of the Dred Scott decision!" They "make ready." "Consider resolutions!" They "consider." "Vote aye!" They "vote aye."

The Slave Power, thus controlling the slaves and slaveholders at the South, and the Democratic party at the North, easily manages the Government at Washington. The Federal officers are marked with different stripes, Whig, Democrat, and so on. They are all owned by the same master, and lick the same hand. So it controls the nation. It silences the great sects, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Nullitarian: the chief ministers of the American Church—three-fold in denominations, one in nature—have nought to say against slavery; the Tract Society does not rebuke the "sum of all villanies," the Bible Society has no "Word of God" for the slave, the "revealed religion" is not revealed to him. Writers of school-books "remember the hand that feeds them," and venture no word against the national crime which threatens to become also the national ruin. In no nation on earth is there such social tyranny of opinion. In Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Italy and Spain, the despotic bayonet has pinned the public lips together. The democratic hands of America have sewed up her own mouth with an iron thread—that and fetters are the only product of the Southern mine. In Washington, not a man in the meanest office dares open his lips against the monster which threatens to devour his babies and his wife. No doctor allows himself a word against that tyrant—his business would forsake him if he did. In Southern States, this despotism drives off all outspoken men. Mr. Underwood, of Virginia, made a speech against the extension of slavery into Kansas—he must take his life in his hand, and flee from his native State. Mr. Helper, of North Carolina, writes a brave, noble book, cyphering out the results of freedom and bondage—even *North* Carolina is too hot to hold him. Mr. Strickland, at Mobile, sells now and then an anti-slavery book—the great State of Alabama drives him out, scares off his wife, and will not allow him to collect his honest debts! At the North, you know the disposition of men who hold office from the Federal Government, or who seek and expect it. The Federal hand is raised to strangle Democracy. They never give the alarm; 'twould be to "strike the hand that feeds them." Nay, they crouch down and "lick the hand just raised to shed *our* blood." Even at Washington, Slavery has sewed up the delegated Northern mouth, else so noisy once. It is nearly two years since a Southern bully, a representative man of South Carolina, stole upon our great Senator, with coward blows felled him to the ground, and with his bludgeon beat the stunned and unconscious man. He meant to "silence agitation": he did his work too well. Do you remember an anti-slavery speech in the Senate since Charles Sumner's, in May, 1856? Can you think of one in the House? If such have been spoken, I have not heard either, though I have listened all the time. Now and then, some delegated mouse in the wall has squeaked out an apology for the North, but promising not to touch slavery in the part most woundable; there has been no manly anti-slavery speech in House or Senate till Mr. Hale broke the silence with a noble word. The Slave Power dealt the blows upon one Northern man, and silenced all the rest! "The *safer* part of Valour is Discretion"! The South has many slaves not counted in the census. Ought they to represent *you?*

The Slave Power is conscious of strength, and sure of victory. It never felt so strong before. Look at this: the Treasury Department has just instructed the collectors not to permit a free negro to act as master of a vessel—he is not a citizen of the United States. See what the Southern States are doing. A bill has been reported in the Senate of Louisiana authorizing that State to import five thousand African slaves. If it becomes a law, the Government will not prevent the act; our worst enemy, the Supreme Court, is ready to declare unconstitutional the law which forbids the African slave trade: the South may import as many slaves as she likes; the Government is for her wickedness, not against that—only against Justice and the Unalienable Rights of Man. Another bill is pending before the Virginia Legislature to banish or enslave all the 54,000 free coloured persons in that State, where more than one President has been the father of a mulatto woman's child. The law to enslave them all may pass; the Federal Government cares nothing about it. African Rachel may mourn in vain for her first-born, and refuse to be comforted, because the Virginia Jacob chains the parti-coloured Joseph that she bore to him; let her mourn! What does the Federal Herod care that in all Virginia there is a voice heard of lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning for the poor Rachel of Africa?

Stronger than ever before, at least in fancy, and yet more truly impudent than fancied strong, the Slave Power proposes two immediate measures:

I. To pass the Lecompton Constitution through Congress, and force slavery into the laws of Kansas, against the oft-repeated vote of the people.

II. To add seven thousand men to the standing army of the United States. They are nominally to put down the polygamous Mormons in Utah—Satan contradicting the lies he is the father of!—but really to support the more grossly polygamous slaveholders; to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas with the bayonet; in all the North, to execute the Fugitive Slave bill, and the Dred Scott decision, already made, and the Lemmon decision, about to be made, and establish slavery in each free State; and also to put down any insurrection of the coloured people at the South. The Mormons are the pretence no more; the army is raised against the Democracy of Massachusetts, not the Polygamy of Utah.

Ladies and Gentlemen, both of these measures will pass the Senate, pass the House. If it were the end of a Presidential term, I should expect they would be defeated. But men worship the rising sun, not the setting, who has no more *golden* light for them. A Boston merchant, with but $87,000, could bribe men enough to pass his tariff bill! The new President, he has more than $87,000,000—offices for three years to come. The addition to the army will cost at least $5,000,000 a year, and the patronage that gives will command votes enough. I know how tender are the feelings of Congress; I know how politicians reject with scorn the idea that money or office could alter their vote; but we all know that a President, his pocket full of public money, his hands full of offices, can buy votes of Honourable Senators and Honourable Representatives just as readily as you can buy peanuts of the old huckster down stairs. I need not go from this hall, or its eastern neighbour, I need but go back seven years to find Honourable members of the "Great and General Court of Massachusetts? who were bought with a price. I shall tell no names, though I know them only too well. Peter did repent, and Judas may—I will give him a chance. I expect, therefore, that both these measures will pass. Then you will find the Northern Democracy supporting them; future Conventions will ring with Resolutions in favour of the Lecompton Convention, and A GREAT STANDING ARMY will be one of the acknowledged Principles of the Democratic party—a toast on Independence Day.

When the two immediate measures are disposed of, there are three others a little more remote, which are likewise to be passed upon.

I. The first is to establish slavery in all the Northern States—the Dred Scott decision has already put it in all the Territories. The Supreme Court will make a decision in the Lemmon case, and authorize any one of the Southern masters of the North to bring his slaves to any Northern State, and keep them as long as he pleases. Coloured men "have no rights which white men are bound to respect"—so says the Supreme Court, which is greater than the Constitution; and if that be true generally, everywhere, then it will be true specially in Massachusetts. I have no doubt the Supreme Court will make the decision. We have no Judge Curtis to sit in that Court, and give his verdict for Law and Justice; his place is occupied by Hon. Nathan Clifford—a very different man, if I am rightly informed. When his nomination was before the Senate, Mr. Hale opposed it, and said Mr. Clifford was not reckoned a first-class lawyer in his own district—which comprises the greater part of New England; nor in his own State—the State of Maine; nor in his own county; nor even in his own town! Then, after Mr. Hale had reduced this vulgar fraction of law to his lowest terms, the Senate added to it the sum of the Supreme Court. He is strong enough for his function—to create new law for slavery. His appointment must needs cause a judgment against him, but let us give him a fair trial. No doubt the Court will give the expected decision in the Lemmon case. Then this new article will be voted into the apostolic creed of the Democratic party, published by authority, and appointed to be read in caucuses and conventions. It may be "said or sung," as follows: "I believe in the Fugitive bill; I believe in the Kansas-Nebraska bill; I believe in the Dred Scott decision; I believe in the Lemmon decision. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be evermore, world without end, Amen."

II. The next measure is to conquer Mexico, Central America, and all the Northern continent down to the Isthmus; to conquer Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, all the West India Islands, and establish slavery there. This conquest of the islands might seem rather a difficult work—it might require some fighting; but the late Hon. Senator Butler of South Carolina was very confident it would be done. We remember how he spoke of those Islands in a rambling speech which he once made, which was truth-telling because drunken. You smile; but if *in vino veritas* be good Latin, *à fortiori* is it good American to say, *there is more truth in whiskey, which is stronger.* In one of his fits of "loose expectoration," that distinguished Senator, a Representative man, like Bully Brooks, instantial and typical of his State, spoke of "our Southern Islands," meaning Cuba, San-Domingo, Jamaica, Trinidad, St. Thomas, and the rest. He called them *our* islands, not that they were so then, or because he had any personal knowledge that they ever would be; but "being in the Spirit" (of slavery), and the Spirit (of Whiskey) being also in him—*imperium in imperio*—by this two-fold inspiration (of Slavery from without and Whiskey from within), and from this double consciousness (out of the abundance of the stomach, the mouth also speaking), he prophesied (this medium of two spirits), not knowing what he said.

That is the second measure—to reannex the West Indies and the Continent.

III. The third measure is to restore the African slave trade. Now and then, the South puts forth a *feeler*, to try the weather; the further South you go, the more boldly are the feelers put out. South Carolina and Louisiana seem ready for this measure; and of course the Supreme Court is ready. You must not be surprised if yet another article be added to the Democratic creed, and we hear Mr. Cushing deacon off this new Litany of Despotism with—"I believe in the African Slave Trade."

To carry all these measures [viz.: 1, The introduction of slavery into the States—2, The conquest of Mexico, Cuba, &c., and the establishment of slavery there—3, The restoration of the African slave trade], the Slave Power depends on the Federal Government. But it never pesters the Government with petitions on paper; it sends its petitions in *Boots.* They are not referred to Committees in House or Senate; the Petitions in Boots are themselves the Committee of House and Senate. Gentlemen, the Slave Power has got the Federal Government, especially the Supreme Court, a Constant Power.

It relies also on the Democratic party North for its aid in this destruction of Democracy. Gentlemen, it has got that party—will it keep it? The two once seemed united, not for better, but for worse, "so long as they both do live." Witness the arguments of Mr. Cushing yesterday, in this hall, against the Personal Liberty Law. Mr. Cushing represents the Northern Democratic party better than the town of Newburyport.

The Slave Power depends on the four great commercial cities of the North—Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Gentlemen, it has the support of these four cities, and will continue to have it for some time to come. If the two immediate and the three remote aggressive measures I have just mentioned were to be passed on by the voters of those four towns, I think they would vote as the Slave Power told them. They did so for the Fugitive Slave bill, for the Kansas-Nebraska bill—they will vote for the Lecompton bill, the Army bill; and, when their help is wanted, for the *Americanization* of the rest of the continent, by filibustering; for the *Southernization* of the North, by the Lemmon decision; for the *Africanization* of America, by restoring the African slave trade.

If these five measures were left to the voters of Boston alone, the result might be doubtful—nay, I think it would be adverse to the South. But look at the matter a little more nicely. Divide the Boston voters into four classes: the Rich—men worth $100,000 or more; the Educated—men with such culture as pupils get at tolerable college; the Poor—the Irish, and all men worth but $400 or less; the Middling Class—the rest of the male citizens. If the question were submitted to the first three, I make no doubt the vote would be for the South, for the destruction of Democracy. The educated and the poor would do as the rich commanded them—they would not "strike the hand that feeds them," for they know how

"To crook the

alters his Measures, and provisionally favours freedom; not his Principles, which are the loaves and fishes of power. I am sorry to hear Republicans express their confidence in him, and give him praise which leaves nothing to add to such men as Hale, Seward and Chase. I know it is said "any stone is good enough to throw at a dog"; but this is a stone that will *scale* in its flight, veer off, and finally hit what you mean not to hurt, but to defend. Yet it is unexpected to find any individuality of conduct or opinion in the party. It is pleasant to see what a train of followers he has already, and to think that Democracy is not quite dead among "Democrats." He is fighting against our foes—that is an accident; it is not us he is fighting for, but only for Stephen A. Douglas, and if he wins that battle, he cares not who his allies are, nor who his foes.

2. The next help comes from a SLAVE STATE. Here is the valuable speech of Hon. F. P. Blair, from Missouri. "The civilized world," says he, "is at war with the propagation of slavery, whether by fraud or by the sword; and those who look to gain political ascendancy on this continent by bringing the weight of this system, like an enormous yoke, not to subject the slaves only, but their fellow-citizens and kindred of the same blood, *have made false auguries of the signs of the times.*"

Significant words—doubly important when coming from a slave State. Do not think he is alone. He has a constituency behind him, not of doughfaces. Here is the speech of Mr. James B. Gardenhire, lately made in the House of Representatives at Jefferson City, Missouri. It is of the same tenor as Mr. Blair's, and advocates the abolition of slavery in Missouri itself.

Here is something from REPUBLICAN MEMBERS OF CONGRESS. Not to mention others from New England, or elsewhere, here is a speech from Hon. Eli Thayer, ironical sometimes, I take it, but plain and direct in substance. He would have the free States send settlers to Northernize the South—already he has a colony in Virginia—and New Englandize Central America! "The Yankee," says Mr. Thayer, "has never become a slaveholder, unless he has been forced to it by the social relations of the slave State where he lived; and the Yankee who has become a slaveholder has, every day of his life thereafter, felt in his very bones the bad economy of the system." "Why, sir, he can buy a negro power in a steam-engine for ten dollars, and he can clothe and feed that power for one year for five dollars; and are we the men to give $1,000 for an African slave, and $150 a year to feed and clothe him?"

This is an anti-slavery argument which traders can understand. Mr. Thayer is not so much a talker as an organizer; he puts his thoughts into works. You know how much Kansas owes him for the organization he has set on foot. One day will he not also revolutionize Virginia? There is a to-morrow after to-day.

Here is a speech from Hon. John P. Hale. I think it is the ablest he ever made—the first any one has made, I think, since the assault on Mr. Sumner. It relates to Kansas and the Dred Scott decision. Hear what he says of the latter:

"If the opinion of the Supreme Court be true, it makes the immortal authors of the Declaration of Independence liars before God and hypocrites before the world; for they lay down their sentiments broad, full and explicit, and then they say that they appeal to the Supreme Ruler of the universe for the rectitude of their intentions; but, if you believe the Supreme Court, they were merely quibbling on words. They went into the courts of the Most High, and pledged fidelity to their principles as the price they would pay for success; and now it is attempted to cheat them out of the poor boon of impunity; and it is said they did not mean it so; and that when they said *all men*, they meant *all white men*; and when they said that the contest they waged was for the rights of mankind, the Supreme Court of the United States would have you believe that they meant it was to *establish slavery*. Against that I protest, here, now and everywhere; and I tell the Supreme Court that these things are so impregnably fixed in the hearts of the people, on the page of history, in the recollections and traditions of men, that it will require mightier efforts than they have made or can make to overturn or to shake these settled convictions of the popular understanding and of the popular heart.

"Sir, you are now proposing to carry out this Dred Scott decision by forcing upon the people of Kansas a Constitution against which they have remonstrated, and to which there can be no shadow of doubt a very large portion of them are opposed. Will it succeed? I do not know; it is not for me to say; but I will say this: if you force that—if you persevere in that attempt—I think, I hope, the men of Kansas will fight. I hope they will resist to blood and to death the attempt to force them to a submission against which their fathers contended, and to which they never would have submitted. Let me tell you, sir, I stand not here to use the language of intimidation or of menace; but you kindle the fires of civil war in that country by an attempt to force that Constitution on the necks of an unwilling people; and you will light a fire that all Democracy cannot quench—aye, sir, there will come up many another Peter the Hermit, that will go through the length and the breadth of this land, telling the story of your wrongs and your outrages; and they will stir the public heart; they will raise a feeling in this country such as has never yet been raised; and the men of this country will go forth, as they did of olden time, in another crusade; but it will not be a crusade to redeem the dead sepulchre where the body of the Crucified had lain from the profanation of the infidel, but to redeem this fair land, which God has given to be the abode of freemen, from the desecration of a despotism sought to be imposed upon them in the name of "perfect freedom" and "popular sovereignty."

This is a little different from the speeches made in the Senate last winter. There is nothing apologetic and deprecatory this time. Mr. Seward said, long ago, "The time for compromises has passed by."

Mr. Sumner's chair is vacant still—and yet it speaks with more power than any Senator can bring to defend Slavery with. In the long line of men Massachusetts has sent to do service in the Halls of Congress, there has been none nobler than Charles Sumner, none more faithful. I know how dangerous it is to praise a living man, especially a politician; to-morrow may undo the work of half a century. But here I feel safe; for of all the men I have known in political life, he is the only one who has thereby grown stronger in the noblest qualities of a man. Already his integrity has been tried in the severest ordeal; I think hereafter it will stand any test. Massachusetts has had three great Adamses—Samuel, John, John Quincy. In their graves, they are to her what "the three Tells" are to Switzerland. Here is a man equally noble, perhaps with a nicer culture than any of them. He has now the same firmness, the same integrity—faithfulness to delegated trust, allegiance to the Higher Law of Right. His empty chair is eloquent.

4. Then, there are REPUBLICANS OUT OF CONGRESS, in official station, who are at work. All the New England States, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, have Governors and Legislatures, I think, hostile to slavery—alter the "Republican" way. The election of Mr. Banks was a triumph in Massachusetts. In fifty years past, no Northern State has sent a man to the House of Representatives who in twenty-five years acquired as great influence there as Mr. Banks in four. He has many qualities which fit him for eminence in American politics—if he only be faithful to the Right. I hear loud condemnations of him from anti-slavery men, because, say they, "he will do wrong by and by." Our sentence will be in season if it comes *after* the crime; and the actual offences of Republican politicians are so numerous that I will not condemn conjectural felonies before they are committed. I hear it said he will not remove Judge Loring. Wait and see. This I know, that, a good deal within twelve months, he said he wished him removed, by the address of the Legislature; and *if he* (Banks) *were Governor, he* (Banks) *would do it!* If he try to ride a Compromise, he may depend on it he will not ride far, however long. "The day of Compromise is past." I remember the speech he made in Wall street, New York; also the one at Salem. I have no defence to make for them, no excuse to offer for him. I felt astonished and ashamed. But to exchange his predecessor for him seemed a triumph of freedom in 1857; I hope it will prove so in years to come.

The Republican party has done considerable service, but it does not behave very well. It is cowardly; a little deceitful; "making *I dare not* wait upon *I would*." Coloured waiters at public festivals say, "the Democrats treat us better than the Republicans." Events have clearly shown that the party did not deserve to gain the federal power in 1856; that it would have been ruinous to the party could they then have taken the great offices, and disastrous to the cause of freedom, which they would compromise. Yet, as it is the best political party we have, I would not be over nice in criticising it. I like not to pick holes in the thin spots of the only political coat we have in this stormy weather. I know the difficulties of the party, and have pity for its offenders—none for its hunters after place.

I have spoken of the services of these classes of political men. There is one trouble which disturbs all four. They are liable to a certain disease of a peculiar nature. I have a good copy of Galen, but he does not mention it; the last edition of Hippocrates, but neither he nor his commentator, though both well-lettered men, makes any reference thereto. Hence I suppose it is a new disease, which, though not exactly a Doctor of Medicine, perhaps I am the first to describe. So I will call it the PRESIDENTIAL FEVER; or, in Latin, *Typhus infandus Americanus.** I will try to describe the specific variety which is endemic in the Northern States, the only place where I have studied the disease. I may omit some symptoms of the case, which other observers will supply. At first, the patient is filled with a vague longing after things too high for him. He gazes at them with a fixed stare; the pupils expand. But he cannot see distinctly; crooked ways seem straight; the shortest curve he thinks is a *right* angle; dirty things look clean, and he lays hold of them without perceiving their condition. Some things he sees double—especially the number of his friends; others with a semi-vision, and it is always the lower half he sees. All the time he hears a confused noise, like that of men declaring votes, State after State. This noise obscures all other sounds, so that he cannot hear the still, small voice which yet moves the world of men. He can bear no "agitation"; the word "slavery" disturbs him very much; he fears discussion thereof as a hydrophobiac dreads water. Yet he is fond of the "rich brogue" of the foreign population. His sense of smell is so morbid that an honest man is unbearably offensive. His tongue is foul, but he has an irresistible propensity to lick the hands of those he thinks will give him what he seeks. His organ of Locality is crazed and erratic in its action; the thermometer may stand at 20 below zero—even lower, if long enough—the Mississippi may be frozen over clear down to Natchez, Hell-gate be impassible for ice, and the wind of Labrador blow for months across the continent to the Gulf of Mexico—still he can't believe there is any North! Combativeness is irregularly active; he fights his best friends and clings to his worst enemies. Destructiveness is intense; he would abolish the negroes, enforce the Fugitive Slave bill, and hang the Abolitionists. Benevolence is wholly inert. Causality has become idiotic; he looks into the clockwork of the State, and everywhere finds "a little nigger has got into the machinery," which he would set right by "crushing out" the intruder. Ideality fills him with the foolishest of dreams. The organ of self-esteem swells to a monstrous size—like a huge wen on the top of the head, "a sight to behold." He talks about himself excessively, *ad nauseam*; and "makes a noise town-meeting days," and is always "up" in the Legislature. Vanity is immense; he would be before the people continually; no place is too small, if only public; he lives in the eye of the people, greedy of praise. Hope is in a state of delirious excitement; no failure disconcerts him, no fall abates desire to rise. Veracity is in a comose state; "he will lie like Governor ———."* Conscientiousness has "caved in," and in its place there is "a hole in his head." He knows no higher law above his own ambition, for which all means seem just. He often speaks of "the father of his country," but never tells his noblest deeds. His Reverence is delirious in its action; he worships every graven or molten image that faces South, and lies prostrate before the great ugly idol of Slavery, reeding his garments, and crying, "Baal, help us! Baal, help us!" Disease incurable; yields to no medicine; not hellebore enough in all Anticyra to affect the case.

I need not speak of the old Anti-Slavery Society. It is not necessary that I should criticise their action. I have done that often enough before. If we deserve any praise, let others give it, or give it not, as suits them best.

There has been a great change in the PEOPLE of the North—else, Mr. President, we were not here to-night. You remember the Legislatures of 1850, 1851, 1852—what if you had asked them for this Hall! In 1851, ever Faneuil Hall could not be had for a Convention of fifteen hundred as respectable and intelligent men as ever assembled in the United States, with Horace Mann at their head. We are here to-night by the will of the People of Massachusetts. For many years, we have come before the Legislature of this State; it has always heard us patiently, and I think at length has always done what we asked. Former Legislatures have done all in *their* power to remove the only Massachusetts Judge of Probate that ever kidnapped a man. I make no doubt this Legislature will as faithfully represent the conscience of the State.

I say, there has been a great change in the People. Compare the old *Daily Advertiser* with the new, which I think one of the humanest as well as ablest newspapers in New England.

Recall the fate of the Northern men who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. There were thirteen Northern Senators who did so. The official term has expired for ten of them. Nine of the ten lost their election—veteran old Mr. Cass at their head; the Camden and Amboy Railroad sent back Mr. Thompson to represent their rolling-stock. Stuart of Michigan, Jones of Iowa, and Douglas of Illinois abide their time.

Forty-two Northern Representatives were equally false to Democracy. Thirty-nine of them have gone to their own place, only three returned to their seats: J. Glancey Jones and T. B. Florence of Pennsylvania, and W. N. English of Maryland, alone remain.

If the South is more confident of victory than ever, the North is also more determined to conquer. The late elections show this: that of Mr. Banks is a very significant sign of the times. The "REBELLION" of Mr. Douglas—so the Hon. Mr. Pierce calls it—is popular at the North. He could be elected to the Senate to-morrow by a vote of the people of Illinois. I do not say I would vote for him, that State will. All the West is on his side. See how many tender-footed Democrats there are, who cannot walk over a majority of legal voters in Kansas ten thousand strong and force Slavery on that State even at the command of the old master. Soon there will be *Conscience Democrats* as once "*Conscience Whigs*." The Administration party may carry their measures; it will be as of old, "the counsel of the froward is carried headlong." In 1860, the Northern Democratic Party will be where the Whig party was in 1856. There will be a pack of men about the federal offices in all the great towns, united by common desire for public plunder; but the Party will be as dead as Benedict Arnold. If Mr. Cushing will "crush out" all individualism from the Democracy, he will leave no life there.

Such is the Aspect of Slavery now. It is clear what the North has to do. She must choose either Freedom of the Black man, with an industrial Democracy gradually spreading over all the continent, diffusing everywhere the civilization of New England; or else the Slavery of the Black man, with a Military Despotism certainly overspreading the land and crushing down the mass of men, white and black, into Asiatic subjection. The choice is between these two extremes.

There are 18,000,000 in the North, all free. The power of numbers, wealth, industry, education, ideas, institutions, all is on our side. So are the sympathies of the civilized world, the hopes and the primal instincts of mankind: "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera." The Federal Government is against us—we might have had it on our side if we would.

The last Presidential election showed who in the North were the allies of the South. In the four great cities, and in that debatable land which borders on the slave States, a strip of territory 200 miles wide, reaching from New York Harbour to the Mississippi. I trust the Anti-Slavery Society will send out its missionaries to arouse and instruct the people in that border land. There is a practical work to be done—to be attempted at once.

Slavery is a moral wrong and an economical blunder; but it is also a great political institution. It cannot be put down by political economy, nor by ethical preaching: men have not only pecuniary interests and moral feelings, but also political passions. Slavery must be put down politically, or else militarily. If not peacefully ended soon, it must be ended wrathfully by the sword. The negro won't bear slavery forever; if he would, the white man won't.

If the Republican party behave wisely, there will never be another inch of slave soil added to the national domain, nor another slave State admitted to the Union; but Slavery will be driven out of all the Territories. Look at this fact. There are now fifteen slave States, sixteen free. Minnesota and Kansas will soon be admitted, Washington and Oregon ere long—four new free States. Missouri may abolish slavery within four years. Then, in 1864, we shall stand twenty-one free States to fourteen slave States. Nay, perhaps Utah will repudiate both forms of polygamy, the voluntary and the forcible, and be an ally in our defence. It is easy to conquer the Southern part of the continent; it is not easy to establish African slavery there, in the midst of a population made up of Africans or Indians, ready to shelter the slave, and also much more dense than in the Gulf States from Georgia or Florida to Texas.

If the North is wise and just, we shall have an Anti-Slavery President in 1860, and on March 4th, 1861, incorporate the Principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution's Preamble into the Federal Government itself. For that service, we do not want a man like Col. Fremont, who has had no political experience; we want no Johnny Raw for the most difficult post in the nation. It must not be a man broken down with the Presidential fever. But much is to be done before that result is possible. The whole policy of the Republican party must be changed. We must attack slavery—slavery in the Territories, slavery in the District, and, above all, slavery *in the slave States*. Would you remove the *shadow of a tree?* Then down with the tree itself! There is no other way. To get rid of the accidents of a thing, you make way with its substance. Does not the Constitution guarantee a Republican form of government to every State? South Carolina has a Republican form of government, has she? We must be aggressive, and kill the trunk, not maim the branches. When you attempt that, depend upon it the South will know you are in earnest. The Supreme Court is our worst enemy. I should attack it carefully, by regular siege.

If I were Republican Governor of Massachusetts, or a Senator of the State, I should make it a part of my duty to attend every Anti-Slavery Convention and to speak there. Such men go to Cattle Shows, Mechanics' Fairs, and meetings of Bible Societies, to show that they are at least officially interested in farming, manufacturing, and religion. So would I go to the other place, to show that I took the deepest, heartiest interest in the great Principles of Democracy, and wished to see justice done to the humblest of human kind.

The *Daily Advertiser* gives us good counsel. In the editorial of the 26th, I find these words: "The enemies of slavery and its extension have hitherto occupied too exclusively a defensive attitude; its friends, by venturing on bo'd courses of aggression, have continually been gaining ground. If they did not carry their whole point, they always gained something by compromise. It is right to learn from one's enemy, and it will be fortunate if our friends in Congress have really learned the valuable lesson of refusing to be kept on the defensive."

I know how anxious men are for office. I take it there are 20,000 candidates for the Presidency now living. I wish they were enumerated in the census—they might come after the overseers of slaves. Certainly, no man is too small for the place. The experience of Europe shows that little men may be born to high office; America proves that they can be *chosen*—and Democratic election is as good as Royal foreordination. But no man is likely to gain that high office by compromise. Webster tried it and failed; Clay also failed. If Seward, Chase or Banks attempt the same thing, they also will come dishonoured to the ground. It is always hard to ride two horses. What if, as now, both be swift, and North runs one way and South the other? Anti-Slavery is a moveable stone—he that falls on it will be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder!

I know men say, "If you attack slavery, the South will dissolve the Union." *She* dissolve the Union? She does not dare. Without commerce, manufactures, schools, with no industry but slavery, more than one-third of her population bondmen, their interest antagonistic to hers—let her try if she will. Her threat—I'll tell you what it is like. "Mamma," said a spoiled boy to a mother of ten other and older children, "Mamma, I want a piece of pickled elephant." "No, my dear, he can't have it. Johnny must be a good boy." "No, I won't be a good boy. I don't wan't to be good. I want a piece of pickled elephant." "But aint he mother's *youngest* boy? When we have some pickled elephant, he shall have the biggest piece!" "Mamma, I don't want a *piece*. I want a *whole pickled elephant*. I want him *now*. If you don't let me have him now, I'll run right off and catch the measles. I know a boy that's got 'em first rate."

** It may be the same Herod is said to have died of. From Sallust's description, it would seem that Catiline had a slight touch of the Bell. Cat., ch. I.*

† Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas,
Et de mensuris jus dicere, vasa minora
Frangere pannosus vacuis Aciliis Ulubris,
——qui nimios optabat honores.

The Latin is only for Doctors, who know the local applications of the geography.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

THE ACTUAL EXPERIMENT.

PEOPLE are fond of speaking of the current history of this country as an Experiment. And so it is; but not altogether of the kind dilated upon in Fourth of July Orations and Thanksgiving Sermons. The experiment is not to settle the question whether the people can be trusted to govern themselves. That was settled long before the Revolution, from which our National Experiment is usually dated. The New England Colonies, and New York and Pennsylvania, had, in point of fact, governed themselves, ever since they began to have a being, and governed themselves very well. It is true that the Chief Magistrate was appointed by the Crown or the Proprietary; but as his salary was dependent on the votes of the Provincial Legislatures, his power was of a limited extent and reached only to retarding and holding back the onward progress of Society, and not of blocking its wheels entirely. In all the essential elements of government—the protection of person and property, the administration of justice and the general determination of their internal affairs—they were self-governing. Vexatious restrictions there were upon their trade and manufactures, but these, though they checked their prosperity somewhat—though not much—did not touch the substantial essence of self-government—the capacity to devise and to carry out the rules of civil conduct necessary to the well-being of a Commonwealth.

The sufficiency of the people of the Free States to govern themselves is now pretty well established. We imagine there is no part of the world where life and property are more secure, or justice more promptly administered than in the Northern States of this Union. There is no fogy so frantic, we imagine, as to think that we should be any better off in these particulars under the paternal rule of Alexander or the fostering care of Bonaparte. But there is a most pregnant experiment going on to establish whether or not civilized States like these can live in political connection with barbarian tribes and retain the rights and immunities which it is the best privilege of self-government to secure to the self-governors. A Union of States including only the Free States would be one of an absolute and perfect description. The character of the inhabitants of all those States is essentially homogenous and their interests substantially identical. Any bitter quarrel between New York and Massachusetts, as component parts of a common nation, would be a simple impossibility—as much so as a breach between Yorkshire and Kent. All differences of interest would be easily adjusted by the intermediation of a genuine spirit of Compromise, which would yield the unessentials to secure the substance, and not, as in the case of all the Compromises which have blackened our history, be surrenders of substantial rights and duties without even the shadow of an equivalent.

The Experiment which is now working itself out is that of the possibility of the rights of civilized men under a Union which is only to be maintained by their successive sacrifice and abandonment at the dictate of a horde of savages, who know no principles of law and justice, with which we have had the ill-luck to contract an entangling alliance. Thus far the experiment has worked badly, it must be owned. Not only have the integral franchises secured to all by the words of the instrument of union been spurned and spit upon by the barbarians; but the spirit to resist their encroachments and to resent their insolences seems to have been smothered and strangled in the ill-omened embrace. Not only is the right of general citizenship denied in those blackened regions to all who differ from the ruling inhabitants as to the character of the existing institutions there, but the denial of it, with insult and outrage, is submitted to by the injured parties with lamb-like humility. Within the blasted circle no rights exist. In our last number we gave the Statement of Mr. Strickland, lately of Mobile, who was driven from that place for having such books as his customers wished to buy, and who was obliged to betake himself to hiding, when on a necessary visit of business, to save himself from assassination. No discussion of the character of the institutions there existing—the very fundamental principle of a Free Commonwealth—can be there permitted. The blackness of darkness is invoked to settle down upon the land of the Shadow of the Valley of Death, lest a pencil of light might betray its horrors to its inhabitants. Education is banished and Religion made the bondservant of taskmasters, instead of being welcomed and saluted as the guardian angels of a Free State.

This ugly Experiment has never been entirely out of sight. In fact, the incursions of the barbarians hanging on the confines of Civilization have never permitted the people of the North to wink its odious features out of sight. They have kept up a succession of attacks, by which they have successively carried all the outworks of our citadel, and are now thundering at the very gates themselves. But, from the compromising spirit which was fostered by the Constitution, if it was not born of it, hoped on against hope. The statesmen and their followers, in the old time, who first encountered the development of the Experiment, thought that the days of miracles were not passed, and that, by some supernatural change of heart or illumination of mind, the savages would be converted to humanity and sound economy and abandon the central principle of their barbarism. But, unfortunately, they had given the barbarian chiefs the control of their whole general polity in virtue of their barbarity, and the price of their embracing the blessings of civilization was made nothing less than the loss of that irresponsible power over themselves as well as over their immediate thralls which is the dearest delight of their existence. This was a little too much to expect, and the disappointment has been inevitable. When civilized men enter into a compact with barbarians, which compact these last regard as of no binding force upon them, while the first feel and acknowledge its obligations, of course there can be but one issue to any controversy between the two. The worser part must, of necessity, be the mighty one that will prevail. It is a proof that the old saying of the philosopher applies to politics as well as other things—"The part is more than the whole."

As the entire history of the American Nation has been but a succession of encroachments on the part of our barbarian allies on the rights of the civilized parties to the treaty, and of feeble and futile resistances to their assaults, always ending in ignoble submission, the question is whether any other result can ever come forth from the crucible of this Experiment. There are symptoms of a possible resistance to the very latest of these villanies—such an one as had never entered the imaginations of their progenitors—but we do not look forward to any such phenomenon with much expectation. Our enemies, like all savages, have the gift of cunning in the highest degree. Having all the political forces at their disposal, through the treason of men born in the strength and educated with the skill which civilization bestows, they will be able to devise some fair-seeming scheme of compromise, which will deceive those most hostile in their present attitude—or, at least, give them a plausible appearance of a pretence for pretending to be so. That the inhabitants of Kansas are really ready for the forcible resistance, by which alone they have any present chance of success, we have seen no great reason for believing. The old delusive cry of Obedience to Law, when it is no law, will be raised by those who most insolently profess their purpose to trample on every law that stands in their way. And, we fear, the result will be yet once more an unqualified submission to present evils in the hope of some future way of escape. And why not? They profess no objection to slavery on principle. They have vindicated their spirit of obedience to Southern dictation by excluding Free Men from political rights on account of their complexion. They require but a very narrow chink by which to creep from their present attitude of rebellion to one of loyalty and National Patriotism. Still, there is undoubtedly significance in the resistance which has been thus aroused to the progress of tyranny. But the hope which they excite is not one that can be fulfilled by Republicanism, nor Douglasism, which seems about to swallow up that movement. It is only by planting and watering the good seeds of moral and religious abhorrence of slavery—from which these imperfect and mildewed crops have sprung—that the harvest can be ripened, of which the tares will be gathered into bundles and burnt with fire, while the wheat will redound to the strengthening of the nations.

THE END OF RUSSIAN INFLUENCE AT WASHINGTON.

From The Evening Post.

HITHERTO Russia has been quite a pet of the Southern oligarchy, and Russian influence has been recognised as a sort of fourth estate in our Federal Government. When Kossuth came here it was strong enough to turn the back of President Fillmore upon him. Pending the Crimean war it was strong enough to awaken our Neutrality laws into unexampled activity, and to prevent any sympathy or aid from this country reaching the enemies of the Czar.

But as every dog has its day, so the Russian bear has had his at Washington. We have nothing more to fear of Russian influence with any pro-slavery administration. Our readers must not be surprised if a motion is introduced into the Senate, before the session closes, to terminate diplomatic relations with the Czar, or that Baron Stoeckl, his diplomatic representative in Washington, has been sent into Coventry by every "true-hearted Southerner."

Do our readers ask Russia's offence, for which such penalties are impending? She has presumed not only to question the wisdom of the system of compulsory labour or serfage which has hitherto prevailed in her empire, but has taken steps to abolish it. Nay, she has gone farther, she has pronounced that system enmity against God and against society, a curse to the nation and a barrier to all improvement. That we may not be suspected of overstating the gravity of the insult to our "domestic institution" of which the Czar has been guilty, we hasten to lay before our readers an account, which reached us this morning by the Arago, of a very remarkable banquet held at Moscow on the 9th of January, in honour of the Emancipation. One hundred and eighty persons were present. The first toast was proposed by M. Katkoff—"*The Health of the Emperor.*" After a few words from M. A. V. Stanké-vitch, M. Pauloff made the following remarkable speech, which, be it observed, was made a little after Mr. Buchanan's first annual message, and a little before his Lecompton message:

"Gentlemen: A new spirit animates us; a new era has commenced. Heaven has allowed us to live long enough to witness the second regeneration of Russia. Gentlemen, we may congratulate ourselves, for this movement is one of great importance. *We breathe more like Christians, our hearts beat more nobly, and we may look at the light of heaven with a clearer eye.* We have met to-day to express our deep and sincere sympathy for a holy and praise-worthy work, and *we meet without any nervousness to mar our rejoicing.* Yes, gentlemen, I repeat it, a new spirit animates us, a new era has commenced. One of our social conditions is on the eve of a change. If we consider it in a past light, we may, perhaps, admit that it was necessary that it should have been allowed to be as it was, from the want of a better administrative organization, and of the concentration in the hands of the Government of the means which have since given so great a development to the power of Russia. *But what was momentarily prized to the State was lost to mankind.* The advantage cost an enormous price *Order without—anarchy within—and the condition of the individual cast its shadow over society at large.* The Emperor has struck at the roots of this evil. *The glory and prosperity of Russia cannot rest upon institutions based on injustice and falsehood.* No! these blessings are henceforth to be found in the path thrown open by him whose name Russia pronounces with respect and pride. The Emperor has ceded this great reform, which he might have accomplished by his own powerful will, by asking the nobles to take the initiative. Let us, then, hail this noble idea, inspired by the sole wish for the welfare of his people, with that enlightened heartiness which may now be expected from Russia. Let us not, however, suppose that the path traced by history is an avenue of roses without thorns. This would be sheer ignorance. When a new, a more moral and Christian state of things is about to be established, the obstacles that will have to be encountered must not be taken into consideration, except with the hope that the torrent of the new life will sweep them away. *The change in the economical condition of our national existence will arouse our individual energies, the want of which is one of our greatest evils.* Let us wish then gentlemen, from our innermost heart, a long life to him who has marshalled his faithful Russia to the conquest of truth and justice. Let us hope that this great idea will comprise the generous sentiments of the man and the Christian."

At the conclusion of this brief speech, in which the whole political economy of free labour was stated with scientific accuracy, Mr. Pogodine proposed "The Health of the Russian Nobility," which was drunk with all the honours. M. Babst, the eminent Professor of Political Ecouomy at the University of Moscow, then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen: After the eloquent speeches which have been made in honour of our meeting to celebrate a great event in our economical existence, I hope you will allow me to say a few words as an expression of my deep gratitude for him whose thoughts and acts, during the few years we have passed under his reign, have always responded to the real wants of the people. We have met here to celebrate an event which will be an epoch in the annals of our history, and upon which future historians will dwell with pleasure. At the very commencement of this century, one of our first manufacturers said to Storch *that trade could never flourish under our system of compulsory labour*, or, in other words, of serfage; already, in 1849, the Free Economical Society proved by facts the inconveniences of serfage as regards agriculture. The development of national wealth has ever gone hand-in-hand with the regular organization of popular labour, which, as it gradually emancipates itself from stringent conditions, becomes more active, more progressive, and, consequently, more productive. In proportion as national labour gradually issues forth free from such disadvantageous conditions, the love of work increases among the people. Emulation and competition arouse the sleeping energies of the nation; they will not allow them to rust, and excite them to healthy activity and continual progress. The day of the primitive forms of the economical condition of the people has now left us forever. *The wants of a great nation increase daily, and cannot be satisfied with the course conditions, contrary to all progress of primitive economy founded on compulsory labour—a labour the limits of which are as restricted as its nature is unproductive.* Our task is not to double, but to increase tenfold our productive power, our labour, our wealth, unless we wish to see taken away from us by nations more advanced than ourselves the markets which are ours by tradition and by our geographical position. And we cannot increase our productive power except by a regular organization of national labour; which will then boldly take in hand and work the treasures now hidden in our land."

The learned Professor concluded with an appeal to all honest men to support the Emperor in this great social reform. Various other speeches, we are told, were made, all in the same spirit.

Such are the terms used by the leading minds of "barbarous" Russia in reference to the unprofitableness and wickedness of compulsory labour. "We breathe more like Christians," says M. Pauloff, "our hearts beat more nobly, and we may look at the light of Heaven with a clearer eye," since we have ceased to exact unrecompensed and involuntary labour from our fellow-creatures. "The glory and prosperity of Russia," he adds, "cannot rest upon injustice and falsehood." Can it in America?

How strange it seems that, while a despotic government like Russia can discern so clearly not merely the injustice, but the inexpediency of slavery, and can take steps at once to inaugurate a more enlightened policy, every energy of the freest government in the world should be exerted in exactly the opposite direction! And what is more remarkable, though this reform affects the wealthiest and most influential class in Russia, we hear nothing from them about dissolving the empire, nor are Russian statesmen and philosophers bludgeoned in their Council Chamber for expressing anti-slavery opinions. On the contrary, Mr. Pauloff says, in his speech, what no American Congressman at this day could say, at a similar meeting: "We have met to-day to express our deep and sincere sympathy for a holy and praiseworthy work, and we meet *without any nervousness to mar our rejoicing.*" No office-holder under this Administration, who should lend any countenance to such an entertainment, would be permitted to hold his situation half an hour; and if in a Southern State, the meeting would as surely be broken up by violence as the ice in the streets of this city will melt before the 4th of July.

Such an example, and such doctrine as this, from Russia, cannot be forgiven by the Propaganda. She has been relied upon as the great bulwark of slavery by the South, and for years past an intimacy has been growing up in consequence, between the two governments, which no one could explain or understand. The recent decree of the youthful Emperor upsets the card castle within which the Slave Power has been entrenching itself, and leaves it nothing but the paradoxes of Fitzhugh, and Stiles, and Debow to lean upon. The Executive arm, which has hitherto sustained it, grows feebler every day. Slavery is obliged to select a lower and a lower gauge of morals and capacity at every succeeding Presidential election to answer its behests, and, of course, at each succeeding quaternion parts with a corresponding proportion of the popular respect and confidence. The end of such a policy is not distant or difficult to foresee. What the Russian Emperor accomplishes directly, and by his wisdom, the American Government is accomplishing, by its madness. Thus Providence sometimes uses the perversities and follies of men, as well as their virtues, to accomplish its ends, that the arm of flesh may not overestimate its importance in the great economies of the Universe.

DANGER OF GIVING CREDIT SOUTH.—Some months ago, a man, Ben Jackson by name, from High Hill, Wilkinson Co., Ga., came to New York to purchase goods. A prominent dry goods firm sold him on six months' credit. When the bill became due, Mr. Jackson did not respond. Several letters were written, but no answer came. Finally, some one wrote that Jackson had been *murdered*.

An agent of the creditors has lately visited High Hill with a view to look after the estate of the murdered man. On inquiry the following facts appeared: Jackson, so it was alleged, had committed some indiscretion toward the daughter of a gentleman planter. The injured father called upon the merchant for satisfaction. This was declined; when the enraged father caught Jackson in his own store by the hair of his head, drew him across the counter, and with a huge knife *severed his head from his body.* The old man was arrested, tried and acquitted. The ground of his discharge was that the murder was committed in self-defence!—*Tribune.*

WILLING TO WOUND, YET AFRAID TO STRIKE.—The following despatch to *The Herald* is significant:

"The Wabash, late flag ship of the home squadron, has been ordered to be put out of commission, and prepared as flag ship of the Mediterranean squadron. The officers have been detached and the crew will be discharged."

Does this mean that Commodore Paulding has also been put out of commission for disturbing the plans of the Ostend philanthropists? The Administration, not daring to recall Paulding, have recalled his ship, which will have the same effect, without entailing, they suppose, the same responsibilities. It may be that our suspicions do the President injustice in this instance, but we are constrained to say that his course for the past four months has destroyed all presumptions in favour of a manly, just and statesman-like course being pursued by his Administration on any public question.—*Evening Post.*

THE VERMONT CONVENTION.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You have been expecting from me, doubtless, some report of the proceedings of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Convention, lately held at Bradford. It was my intention to send you a full account, immediately after its adjournment, but I was prevented by circumstances entirely beyond my control, especially by the fact that I could not send you a copy of the resolutions passed. During the Convention I neglected to have a copy of them taken; and, as soon as it adjourned, they were taken, by the Secretary, beyond my reach. I have been looking for them in several of our State papers, but, strange as it may seem, they have not yet made their appearance, though I look for them by to-night's mail. If they do not come in time to be transmitted with this, I will send them to you as soon as they come, though I hope you will find them in some of your exchanges.

According to previous notice, the Convention met on Tuesday afternoon, but the permanent organization did not take place until the evening session. The officers were, A. C. BURKE, Esq., President; Gov. Ryland Fletcher and Asa Low, Esq., Vice-Presidents; Guy C. Sampson and J. L. McIndoe, Secretaries.

Mr. Burke is a "Radical Political Abolitionist," *i. e.* a Gerrit Smith man, in theory; the Vice-Presidents are Republicans; Mr. Sampson is a "Goodell man," and Mr. McIndoe a Republican—editor of the *Aurora of the Valley.*

The Committee on Resolutions, &c., consisted of Hon. Levi Tabor, N. R. Johnston, Asa Lowe, A. C. Burke and S. M. Seaver. The first and third of these are Republicans—the second and fifth Garrisonians; the other's position has not been defined. Owing to reasons, which I need not name, your correspondent had the honour and the responsibility of being the acting chairman of this Committee; and having had a series of resolutions "cut and dry," the four first were reported and discussed in part the first evening session.

The principal part of this evening session was occupied in hearing addresses from our friends Wm. Wells Brown, Charles Lenox Remond and Parker Pillsbury. Their addresses were master-pieces of argument and eloquence, and were well received by the large audience present. I am sorry we had no phonographic reporter present; and as I was so engaged that I could not take notes, I cannot send you reports of these addresses, nor, indeed, of any delivered in the Convention. This is much to be regretted, for some of them were very superior. It was very gratifying, however, to see so much truth so well received the first session of the Convention.

On Wednesday morning the remaining resolutions were reported. As soon as they were read, a motion was made by Guy C. Sampson to dismiss No. 8, on the Constitution and the Union, which read as follows:

Whereas the Union of the States was by unholy compromises with slavery and the Slave Power, which demanded the continuance of the African slave trade, representation in Congress for slave property, and the delivering up of slaves escaping from their masters; whereas these compromises were incorporated into the Constitution; and whereas, ever since the adoption of the Constitution, and owing principally to its pro-slavery compromises, the number of the slaves has been on the increase, the Slave Power has become more and more dominant, and the Federal Government one of the strongest allies of the Slave Power, so that almost every power under the control of the National Government is now made subservient to the interests of slavery; therefore,

Resolved, that the Union, which was marshalled in sin, should be dissolved; and the Constitution, which was framed and adopted in iniquity, should be repudiated; and thus the way prepared for the establishment of a new Northern Republic, wherein justice and righteousness may prevail.

On the motion to dismiss this resolution arose a very spirited discussion, in which Guy C. Sampson, Wm. Goodell, Rev. Mr. Green, Gov. Fletcher, Wm. W. Brown, C. L. Remond and Parker Pillsbury took a prominent part. Besides the arguments on the merits of the resolution, it was urged by some that the introduction of such a sentiment was in violation of the tenor of the call—that the tendency would be to make ours a Disunion Convention; and that it would lead to diversity of sentiment and want of harmony in action, so that we would seem to our common enemies to be like the "Kilkenny cats." These arguments were ably met, however, and the motion to dismiss the resolution was voted down—negatived—by a considerable majority. Thus it was manifested that the Convention was in favour of free discussion, if not strongly Garrisonian. This triumph in favour of free speech, on a question now before the anti-slavery community, "struck a damper" upon those who had come into the Convention to gain some political end, or who wanted to say or do nothing that would excite any alarm among the conservative ranks. When we had thus shown our colours as a free Convention, the "milk and water" anti-slavery men, with a few zealous Abol

and his grovelling confederates succeeded in accomplishing their vile intentions, it is impossible for us to predict. Sufficient is it to know that preparations were cut and dried for the foulest atrocities; while in the way of a counterplot to these miscreant designs, several pistols were in convenient ambush. These home-ruffians smarted under a keen sensibility of prostrated tactics and concocted artifice, through the valiant efforts of a few determined officers and citizens. Mr. Packer, the Burgess, made no attempt to molest the conspiracy. The leaders of the mob forced their way into the vestibule of the church, where they jostled and fought with the officers, and kept up an uproarous din of incoherent and profane vociferation. The confusion was fearfully tempestuous, and was abated only by time; for these savages, in their frenzy, were as perplexing as a whirlwind, and refractory as a den of untamed animals.

Mr. Purvis was beyond the compass of this infamous tumult, and delivered his noble lecture before a large and attentive audience. At the close, and during the exit of the assembly, this innocent sufferer from the tyranny and insolence of the mob was spitefully watched by the insatiated monsters. This abject crew filled the air with croaking and screeches, and made the night hideous with wild resounding howls. This chorus of open-mouthed audacity was but a fiendlike valedictory, such as the panther and hyena give to the midnight desert when robbed of their prey. Apart from this, Mr. P. was not disturbed.

Stricture upon this border-ruffian encroachment is uncalled for. The facts themselves are self-condemnatory. One truth is manifest; we have a Burgess who is unworthy of being called a man! He has turned a cold shoulder upon our threatened rights, and rewarded a wicked intrigue with the passport of silent acquiescence. His conscience, his loyalty, his sense of shame, his manhood, are all eclipsed! Through him our town has inherited lasting disgrace. From rumsellers we expect nothing that is good; but from him who is elected to preserve the peace and order of the community, and secure to us our just and equal privileges, we have a right to expect an impartial fulfilment of duty. Far rather should we prefer a public guardian who would forcibly take our purses, or stealthily plunder our households, than one who openly steals away our sacred rights. Send us a man that will watch with a jealous eye our heaven-heritage of inborn immunities—send us a man who has a heart that beats true to the handmaid of liberty—send us a man within the portals of whose soul common modesty still wears a crown—send us such a man to be the worthy successor of our present unworthy magistrate, and we care not if he be a fugitive from the penitentiary! WATCHFIRE.

DEATH OF JUDGE KANE.

OUR Philadelphia correspondent, in a letter dated Feb. 23d., writes as follows:

"Judge Kane is dead! He died on Sunday night last of pneumonia. The papers, in noticing the circumstance, obey the time-honoured but absurd maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Their obituaries, it is true, are not strongly eulogistic, but still they make no reference to the facts in the life of the deceased which chiefly distinguished it. They tell us of his birth, his parentage, and the various honours which had been conferred upon him. General Jackson had made him a Commissioner under the French Spoliation Treaty; Governor Shunk had appointed him Attorney-General of Pennsylvania; President Polk had made him associate Judge of the U. S. District Court. All this is true. Judge Kane had been appointed to a number of important offices. He was a successful politician. His manners, the papers tell us, were winning and courtly; he was a man tenacious of his purpose.

"But these are not the features in Judge Kane's character, nor the facts in his history, which obtained for him his chief eminence. His reputation, which may be said to have been a national one, he was indebted for to two causes. The first was the part he took in the Presidential election of 1844, by the publication of what has since been known as the *Kane letter*—a letter in which the people of Pennsylvania were assured that James K. Polk was as good a Tariff man as Henry Clay; and the second was the course he pursued, as a Judge upon the bench, in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. In regard to the former, having no personal nor positive knowledge, I forbear to speak, except merely to say that his appointment to the Judgeship was generally understood to have been an acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Polk of services rendered in raising him to the Presidency. In regard to the former I can speak, as we all can here in Pennsylvania, from certain knowledge and facts of universal notoriety. On Judge Kane and Commissioner Ingraham devolved the adjudication of most of the slave cases that have been tried in this city under the Fugitive Slave law. In no instance, I believe, did Ingraham ever allow a victim to escape. In one case, Judge Kane's decision was adverse to the slaveholder; in every other, so far as I can remember, it was against the victim. In the case of Hannah Dellam and her little son, who, it was admitted, had lived at least two years in the State, he sent into slavery mother and child and babe unborn, refusing, in the face of argument and precedent, to permit the poor woman to stop a few weeks even in prison, in order that her expected offspring might be born to the inheritance of freedom. It was Judge Kane who delivered the charge to the Grand Jury under which Hanway, Lewis and others were indicted, imprisoned and tried for their lives on the allegation of High Treason. It was he that sent Passmore Williamson to prison for contempt of Court and kept him there, with common felons, for a hundred days; his offence having been that he aided in giving liberty to certain persons held as slaves, contrary to the laws of Pennsylvania. He it was who uttered doctrines from the bench, the effect of which, if adopted, would be to make Pennsylvania practically a slave State, and to allow the slaveholder to carry his human property, without forfeiture, into any part of the Union.

"These are the facts in Judge Kane's history which have made him known to the country at large, and which have conferred upon his name its chief distinction. I recite these facts here from no vindictive or even unkind feeling toward one whose power for evil is at an end, but from a stern sense of obligation to truth, and a desire to do my part towards counteracting the effect of a pernicious example.

"The suit pending against Judge Kane, which was to have been tried on the 12th of April, at Media, without further postponement, is now brought to an end. Mr. Williamson, I understand, will press it no farther. He had cherished no expectation of pecuniary damages, but he was not without hopes, as a partial measure of redress and for its moral influence, of obtaining of his peers a verdict against the great wrong which he considered had been done him. He was also desirous of the opportunity, which a Jury trial would have afforded him, of putting all the facts in his case on legal record, for the benefit of the cause he represented. This desire and hope, however, in view of the event that has transpired, he is content to forego."

BORDER RUFFIANISM AT WASHINGTON.

THE correspondent of *The Evening Post* informs us that a horde of the worst Border Ruffians from Kansas are now in Washington, to aid the Administration in its efforts to force through Congress the Lecompton Constitution. He says, under date of Feb. 22:

"Since my last letter another batch of Calhoun's companions and Buchanan's emissaries have arrived. Gen. Frank J. Marshall comes first. He was Pro-Slavery candidate for Governor at the election on the 4th day of January, under the Lecompton Constitution. He was Brigadier-General of the Northern Branch of the Territorial Militia until the death of Gen. Richardson, who was with Clark when the latter killed Barber. Marshall was then promoted to the post of Major-General in place of Richardson. He is a man bent on making Kansas a slave State, and has come here to see to it that Calhoun don't count him out as Governor—and to avoid being hung under the recent law passed in the Territory.

"Gen. Archibald Payne, one of the men brought before Lecompte upon a charge of murder, is here. He was Colonel of the Kickapoo Rangers, who destroyed the ballot-box at Leavenworth in December, 1855, and one of the mob who shortly afterward seized William Phillips, a Free State man, and conveyed him from Leavenworth City accross the river into the State of Missouri, and there covered his person with tar and cotton, because Phillips had declared himself in favour of making Kansas a free State! Phillips was subsequently murdered in his own house in Leavenworth by a gang of ruffians headed by one Emory, since appointed by James Buchanan to a lucrative place in the Land-Office in Kansas. Payne was a Brigadier-General at the destruction of Lawrence, and did his share of the villainous work. He was engaged in the cold-blooded affair at Easton, in Kansas, which resulted in the death of the gallant Brown and the permanent insanity of his widow!

"Next comes Gen. L. A. McLean. He has reached here after making good his flight from the authorities at Lecompton. This is the indignant gentleman, it will be recollected, who protested against the right of Sheriff Walker to search Calhoun's office at Lecompton for fraudulent returns. He was Gen. Calhoun's chief clerk, and was superintendent of the burial of the celebrated candle-box under the woodpile at Lecompton, and left that place in a great hurry, by a back route across the Kaw river, to avoid a certain legal process, sometimes called a writ, by the force of which he was to have been conveyed to Lawrence. He has been engaged in all the high-handed outrages that have been perpetrated in Kansas from the time of the Nebraska war down to the latest election fraud. He was Adjutant-General under General Reed when the latter invaded the Territory with his forces, and was driven out by Governor Geary. McLean is a patriot worthy of Buchanan's consideration.

The next and last ruffian of whom I shall speak at present is Bennett Burnham. He came with McLean a day or two ago. He was engaged in both of the outrages against Phillips, named above, which cost the latter his life in September, 1856. He was Surveyor of Leavenworth County, and Deputy-Surveyor under Calhoun, and deserves something at the hands of the President for his patriotic services!

"These men are here, living on the Government in some shape, having been driven out of the Territory by an indignant people. They expect to see the Lecompton Constitution pass Congress, and then will look to James Buchanan to give them an escort of United States troops to convey them and the Constitution back to Kansas; and I have no doubt Buchanan will do it."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I WAS glad when Mrs. R. invited me to make her a visit, for I had heard much of her splendid hospitality, of her enchanting gardens, her fine parlour, her birds, flowers and the thousand attractions of her palace-home. I longed to see and judge for myself; and, indeed, I found that common report had not told half the charms and wonders of that splendid establishment. I was lapped in luxury. A Sybarite could find nothing to object to. Our very moments were winged with pleasure, and the hours went gliding by in silver slippers.

The mornings were spent amid the treasures of a rich library; the afternoons lounged through in luxurious, airy chambers; the evenings given to riding, and the nights made gorgeous by music and promenades through an illuminated garden. I had never seen anything half so splendid, and was completely dazzled.

Mrs. R. was so loving, so languid and lady-like, just my ideal of a thorough lady—never excited or nervous, so quiet, composed and serene, with such winning, gentle manners; a low voice that fell on your ear as the most delicate music, whilst her little hands were so dainty and white, only fit to strum the strings of a guitar or glide over the keys of a piano. She realized one's ideas of ladyhood—never disturbing a dream or breaking a vision of beauty by quickness of tone or rudeness of manner. My admiration was fast ripening into love, when, one day, after I had been her guest for six weeks, I chanced to be familiarly seated in her chamber. She had misplaced her gloves, and called to her maid, in a very harsh tone—

"Sarah, where are my blue kid gloves?"

Immediately the girl brought them, she took them without the slightest recognition of thanks. I missed the *parlour deportment*.

"Sarah," she called again, "unlace my boots."

The string was knotted, the servant a little slow and awkward—so my *graceful lady* raised her foot and kicked the girl in the face, exclaiming petulantly,

"How stupid you are!"

A red flush went over the mulatto's face, but she fumbled at the strings and finally succeeded.

"Get my slippers, slow."

The girl had (as I thought) finished her work, when the madam called out, "Get the comb and arrange my hair. What *does* make you so stupid, Sarah?"

"My head aches, ma'm."

"Oh, it is only a lazy fever, I expect," and, looking toward me, she asked, "Wouldn't you like to have your hair dressed?"

"No, thank you; I always arrange my own hair."

"Why, how strange! it is only servant's work."

"And is it, therefore, degrading?"

"Well, not exactly; but then—well—but its no matter."

She seemed reluctant to express her thought; but I understood it.

Shortly after, when we were quite alone, I was admiring the uniformity and regularity with which everything in her house was managed—the arrangements were as systematic as clock-work; there was no disagreeable creaking of domestic machinery.

"Oh," said she, with a self-satisfied smile, "you only see the result of a very stringent and positive domestic rule."

"And how," asked I, "do you govern your servants? Mr. R—— is almost constantly from home, and you have no overseer."

"I manage them myself. I do all my own whipping."

I recoiled. "Surely you do not whip the men: *you can't.*"

"*Can't* I? You should have seen me flog Jim, yesterday. I gave him no less than twenty-five lashes, each one of which drew the blood."

"What! with those little hands?"

"Ah! the power is in the will, the determination, not the hands," and she towered before me huge and deformed as a Gorgon.

"I buy," said she, "the slaves who have bad characters, and soon break them into my rule. Temper is a recommendation, for it argues capability. Now, our cook was sold because she attempted to poison her former mistress. I told Mr. R. to buy her, she would not try that work here, because I have a terrible name among the negroes. The master warned me of her, saying she was a servant whom nobody *could* conquer; this fired me with a greater desire to own her. I knew that *I* could manage her. We gave a thousand dollars for her, and she has been worth five times as much to me."

"Did you soon break her in?"

"Oh, no; it was dreadful, dreadful—the hardest task I ever had; but I succeeded at last. Almost any one's patience would have given out, but with me the word YIELD is without meaning. For three days, I kept her in the lower cellar, with nothing to eat. I had her tied fast and whipped her until she had scarcely strength to say that she would obey, but she muttered it out in some way or other. At first she was very rebellious, and drew a knife upon me; but I liked the spirit, and knew that I could meet it with a fiercer one."

The woman's cold-blooded cruelty abashed me. I had not the courage to meet, in open war, such incarnate cruelty, but sat in speechless amazement, when she recalled me by a wild, ringing laugh—alas! the music was all gone—saying, "Did you think me only a parlor belle? Why, I am a strict manager, and carry on the entire business of this establishment."

Did it surprise me when, after this, she told how violently she had had the Kossuth fever—indeed, it well-nigh burnt her blood dry—and what large sums of money she sent over to the relief of Ireland?

MISS WATKINS AT DANVILLE, PA.

To the Editor of The Standard:

ON the anniversary of the birth of "the Father of his country," I take my pen to do a deed of justice similar to one that Washington thought it no condescension to do in his day, viz.: to acknowledge the claim of a coloured lady to extraordinary literary ability, a wonderfully persuasive eloquence, and a self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the oppressed. Frances Ellen Watkins, of Baltimore, has been with us, and we have felt ourselves refreshed and encouraged by her labours. She preaches the whole gospel of liberty, and would "let the Union slide" and the Constitution to be torn into shreds, rather that that *one* of God's poor should be proscribed. She spoke six times in this region, viz: in Danville, February 10th, in the Court-House on the 11th, in the Welsh Presbyterian Church on the 12th, in Milton on the 16th and 17th, and at Bloomsburg on the 18th. The pecuniary receipts at these meetings were small, but the hearers united in giving great praise to the lecturer, for her ability and lady-like deportment. Mr. Bond and family and Mr. Smith of Milton, Mr. Williams and family and Mr. J. Smith of Bloomsburg have her thanks for their hospitality. We do hope that Mr. McKim will send her to this place again ere long, when we hope to do better for the cause.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Danville, Pa., Feb. 22, 1858.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN KANSAS.—The Free State Territorial Legislature of Kansas adjourned on the 13th inst. A bill providing for a new Constitutional Convention was passed, but it failed to receive the approval of Gov. Denver, and there are doubts whether it is a legally enacted law. Among the laws which were enacted, in spite of the veto, was one making it a crime punishable with death to attempt to put in force the provisions of the Lecompton Constitution. The bill is entitled "An act to define certain crimes and for the punishment thereof," and is in the following words:

"Whereas a number of persons, pretending to act by authority of the people of Kansas, assembled in the town of Lecompton in November last, and pretended to frame what they term a constitution for the State of Kansas, under which an election was held on the fourth of January last, for State officers; and whereas one John Calhoun, the President of said pretended Convention, claims to have authority in a certain contingency to declare by proclamation the aforesaid pretended constitution to be the constitution of the State of Kansas, and the persons purporting to have been elected on the fourth of January last to be the lawful officers of government for the people of Kansas; and whereas the Convention possessed no authority from the people of Kansas, but was an irresponsible assembly engaged in a conspiracy against the rights and liberties of the people:

"Therefore, be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas, That if any individual, claiming to have authority from the convention which assembled at Lecompton in November last to make a constitution for the State of Kansas, shall publish in the shape of an official proclamation any declaration to the effect that the constitution made by said convention is the constitution of the State of Kansas, or shall call on any person or persons as officer or officers to act under said constitution, or shall pretend to or in fact commission any person or persons as officers under the same; or if any person claiming to be the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary, Auditor and Treasurer of State, under said constitution, or claiming to be elected to either house of the Legislative Assembly, or a member of Congress under said constitution, shall assume the duties of any or either of said offices under said constitution; or if any person or persons shall attempt in any manner whatever to give effect to the government under said constitution within this Territory, such person or persons, officer or officers shall be deemed guilty of felony, and, upon conviction thereof in any court of competent jurisdiction, shall suffer death, and this law to be in force from and after its passage."

PERSONAL.

Henry Ward Beecher was reported last week to be on the point of making a voyage to California for his health. The statement, however, was incorrect.

John Edward and Joseph May, eldest sons of the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, will sail from New York for Venice on or about the first of March. They expect to be absent nine months or a year. The tour of Europe has been recommended as the best restoration of health to Joseph, and his brother goes to accompany him.

Parker Pillsbury, we deeply regret to learn, is prostrated by severe illness. He is at the house of that true-hearted Abolitionist, Edmund Jackson, Esq., of Boston, where he will be sure of careful nursing and the warm sympathy so grateful to the invalid. We hope, ere long, to be able to announce his complete recovery. The cause, at this crisis, can ill afford to spare so eloquent a champion.

James B. Clay (son of the late Senator), who represents the Lexington (Ky.) district in Congress, and William Cullom, Clerk of the last House, got into an altercation the other day, in Washington, in the course of which the latter struck the former in the face. Mr. Clay sent a challenge to Mr. Cullom, and a duel seemed inevitable for a time; but the affair was settled by the intervention of Messrs. Toombs and Crittenden, Mr. Clay disclaiming any intention of insulting Mr. Cullom, and the latter apologizing for the blow.

"The Hutchinson Family" is once more a quartette, Mrs. Patton having united with her brothers, Judson, John and Asa, for the purpose of giving a series of musical entertainments, first in the interior of this State and afterwards in this city. It is, if we mistake not, some seven or eight years since Mrs. Patton's last appearance as a public singer, during which time her brothers have done as well as they could without her. Her numerous friends will be glad to see her taking her old place in the "Family," and more than ever charmed, we dare say, by her fine voice.

The venerable Josiah Quincy, Sr., of Boston, is about to publish a "Life of John Quincy Adams." This work is to be comprised in one octavo volume, and, in addition to its intrinsic literary merits, which cannot fail to be of a high order, it will possess unusual interest from the fact that its venerable author is now 86 years of age. Mr. Quincy was born on the 4th of February, 1772, when George the Third was King of Americans as well as of Englishmen. It is said that "he came into the world a little ahead of Lord Lyndhurst, the same nurse officiating at each birth." He is probably the only native Bostonian who has a clear remembrance of the Declaration of Independence, which happened when he was not quite four and a half years old.

The Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D. (New School Presbyterian), of this city, in a late Sunday discourse, warned the young people of his flock of three very dangerous men in our times, and named these personages to be the Rev. Dr. Bellows, the Rev. Theodore Parker and the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin! He warned his flock against hearing these gentlemen even lecture, and particularly urged upon them not to attend the proposed lectures on "Social Evils" by Dr. Bellows. He did *not* warn the lambs of his fold to beware of those "wolves in sheep's clothing," who, agreeing with him upon theological points, hold and teach that slavery is a Divine institution—that there is no sin in holding the children of God as property and buying and selling them like calves and pigs! This is a heresy of small importance in the estimation of Dr. Hatfield, while an honest doubt upon any point of the evangelical creed excites his deepest anxiety and aversion.

Mr. Wm. M. Connelly is under indictment, in the U. S. District Court at Cincinnati, for harbouring the slaves of Col. Withers of Kentucky, while they were in that city in June last. To escape the bloodhounds of the United States, he came to this city several months since and obtained employment as a writer in a daily newspaper. Lately, however, a Deputy Marshal came hither from Cincinnati and requested Capt. Rynders, Marshal of this District, to aid him in arresting Connelly. Rynders, as we learn from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, designated one of his deputies, named O'Keefe, who was to meet Churchill at 7 o'clock in the evening, to proceed to the office of the daily paper upon which Connelly was employed as a reporter, to make the arrest. O'Keefe went to the office in advance of the time agreed upon, and sent to an upper room for Connelly. The latter came down at once, and the arrest was made. Connelly expressed his willingness to accompany the officer, but requested permission to return to his room to arrange his papers. He was permitted to do so, the officer remaining below, who, after waiting a reasonable time, and the prisoner not returning, proceeded to the upper room and found that Connelly had made his escape through another entrance into the street, and he has not since been heard of. Marshal Rynders has offered a reward of $50 for his arrest.

POLITICS.

Senator Bayard would seem to be committed against the Lecompton villany by an avowal which he made in a speech before the Convention assembled in Delaware to frame a State Constitution in 1853. His words were these:

"I am free to declare for myself that, let other men think as they may, *my hand shall never be put to a paper sanctioning a Constitution, unless that Constitution is to be submitted to the people for their ratification.*"

A correspondent of *The St. Louis Leader*, writing from Lawrence, K. T., says:

"A rumour was started in this vicinity, last evening, that the intelligence had been received from Washington, by a confidential friend of Mr. Buchanan, resident in this city, indicating the probable decapitation of Gov. Denver within the coming month, and the appointment of the Hon. John K. Porter, of Albany, N. Y., in his stead.

Gen. Jim Lane has began the publication of his autobiography in *The Kansas Crusader*, in which he states that his father and two other Democrats held the State Convention of Indiana at which Andrew Jackson was nominated for the Presidency; and that this nomination was probably the means of putting Jackson on the Presidential track.

A mass Convention of anti-Lecompton Democrats was held at Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 23d inst. Every Congressional District was represented, many influential men taking part in the proceedings. Resolutions were adopted declaring Stephen Arnold Douglas entitled to the gratitude and applause of the American Democracy for his opposition to the Lecompton swindle, denouncing the *Indiana State Sentinel* for its support of the same, and proposing a general Convention for the North-West, to be held at Chicago or some other suitable place.

The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune* writes:

"It is announced in court circles that on the final vote to admit Lecompton, all the Penn sylvania Democrats but Montgomery and Hickman will recede. Reilly has pledged himself to change if a majority of the party in his District desire it. But only one county out of five has made any movement in that direction, and that under circumstances which deserve no particular respect. They count on Dewart with confidence, and believe in the default of Owen Jones and Chapman. No act of any one of these four members justifies the suspicion thus cast upon their integrity of purpose, and until they do give some such token of recantation the imputation deserves to be rebuked, if for no other reason, for the moral courage they exhibited in sustaining Harris's resolution against a severe official pressure."

The Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania is to be held at Harrisburgh on the 4th of March. The struggle between the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton wings of the party is likely to be very exciting. In Philadelphia Col. Forney and his friends have succeeded, we understand, in electing anti-Lecompton delegates. In Chester County the Lecomptonites carried the day, in spite of the presence and influence of Mr. Hickman, the Representative of that District in Congress. We presume the result will be the same in a great majority of the Counties, and that the President will have complete control of the State Convention.

KIDNAPPING AT PITTSBURGH.—We copy from the Pittsburgh *Post* of Feb. 13th the following account of an atrocious case of kidnapping which lately occurred in that city:

"Some five years ago, a mulatto man, named George W. Farris, escaped from his master, a wealthy planter by the name of Reiglan, near Tuscumbia, Alabama, who was also the reputed father of Farris. He was a fine mechanic, came to Pittsburgh, married and settled. Soon after he came here, he was followed by a man named George Shaw, who used every possible means in his power to entice him into the South, but without success, until a year since, when, by showing forged letters to Farris, he induced him to go to St. Louis, and from there to a small town in that vicinity, called Brunswick, for the ostensible purpose of procuring work as a bricklayer. Here he was arrested by the United States authorities, and carried back to Alabama. His wife remained here during his absence, and is engaged at Miss Kimberly's Theatre in some minor capacity, with her child, a bright little urchin, now three or four years of age. About a week since, Mrs. Farris received intimations that Shaw had returned from Missouri, and, being aware of the part he had taken in the abduction of her husband, became alarmed lest he should endeavor to obtain possession of her child. On the 11th of February she received a note from James A. Torrence, a constable in Alleghany City, and, fearing this was part of a plot for obtaining the child, she made information against Shaw and Torrence for conspiracy. Another information was also entered against them for an attempt to abduct and kidnap the child. Officers Moon and Patterson were dispatched after these men, and Torrence and Shaw were arrested. A man named Cassel, a property-man at the theatre, was also arrested on suspicion of being a party to the affair After a hearing before the Mayor, Torrence was discharged on his own recognizance to appear as a witness on Tuesday morning; Cassel was held to bail for his appearance, charged as an accessory in the felony, and Shaw, being unable to obtain bail, was locked up in the watch-house until the examination.

"Shaw boasts that he has been in pursuit of Farris for five years, for which he says he has received one dollar and a quarter per day during all that time, and five hundred dollars in cash. When arrested he handed to his wife a pocket-book, which he afterwards stated was filled with Georgia and Alabama money, supposed to be the proceeds of this transaction. It is stated that at one time he offered to a woman in this city one hundred dollars if she would decoy Farris to her house, where he could administer chloroform to him and carry him off. He also offered to Mr. John Dignam and another man, bricklayers, fifty dollars if they would decoy him off into Virginia, under pretence of working there. This same Shaw was arrested in July, 1855, for breaking into the house of Mrs. Gardner, in the Ninth Ward. When arrested, a bottle of chloroform and some burglars' tools were found in his possession, but by some mismanagement he was acquitted. So it seems that he has been familiar with the use of chloroform.

"In addition to the information already made, Mrs. Farris will this morning make a third affidavit against him, for attempting to abduct and kidnap her husband. The punishment for this crime, by the act of 1826, is an imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a term of from seven to twenty-one years, and a fine of from five hundred to two thousand dollars, one-half to go to the prosecutor."

ERROR CORRECTED.—We published last week a letter from Parker Pillsbury to *The Liberator*, giving a very interesting account of the Anti-Slavery Convention lately held at Bradford, Vt. That letter, as printed in *The Liberator* and copied by us, was marred by an error, which we hasten to correct, by inserting the following note:

"A little more than half-way through the letter, Mr. Pillsbury wrote, 'Mr. Goodell and Gov. Fletcher both spoke with great force and earnestness against dissolution. The *former* [meaning Mr. Goodell, but your types made him say the *Governor*], for the hundreth time, perhaps, urged his most false, as well as ridiculous, argument, that we have no moral right to dissolve the Union, because it would cut us off from the slaves, and prevent our ever acting any more for their deliverance,' &c. By the above-indicated error, Mr. Pillsbury is made to do an injustice to Gov. Fletcher, which he deeply regrets, and to say precisely the reverse of what he intended to say. Being confined by illness to his chamber, he desires me to make this correction, in his behalf. Yours truly, S. M., JR."

MR. PARKER'S SPEECH.—We gladly yield much of our space this week to the profoundly able speech of the Rev. THEODORE PARKER, delivered at the late anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Our readers will not think it any too long.

ANOTHER ANTI-SLAVERY BOOK.

MR. A. B. BURDICK, of this city, publisher of Helper's *Impending Crisis*, and of *The Pulpit and the Pew*, has in press and will issue in a few days an anti-slavery work, from the pen of Mrs. C. W. Denison. It is said to treat of some of the domestic features of the peculiar institution not so fully presented in book-form by any other writer. The book is called "*Old Hepsy*," and contains 470 12mo pages, with ten illustrations.

We have been furnished with advance sheets of one of the chapters, which we lay before the readers of THE STANDARD:

IN WHICH A MINISTER OF THE HOLY GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST COUNSELS A POOR HUNTED SOUL TO BEAR THE LOT GOD HAS PLACED UPON HER.

"The funeral made the attraction,
And the black the woe."

The chairs were carefully ranged about the little cabin; seats were extemporized when the crowd began to gather, for a burial was a great treat to the slaves, and the circumstances connected with the death of old Hepsy's son had created much excitement in the neighbourhood. Outside and in were white people and coloured, some standing at the windows, many gathering about the doors, all respectful and quiet. Old Hepsy had stationed herself by the side of the coffin. She wore no mourning; her face was composed by grief into a solemn melancholy, that, on one so venerable, seemed more touching than the wildest emotion. She sat with head slightly bowed, hands crossed upon her lap, and eyes cast down and nearly closed.

"The will of the Lord be done," said the clergyman.

Hepsy looked up once in his face, then her eyes fell again, and her hands were clenched more tightly.

"'Twasn't de will ob de Lord!" she muttered, and relapsed into silence.

A hymn was sung, by the aged mother's request, the air of which was so wild, so plaintive, so heart-broken, that it moved many a one to tears, unused to weeping. The negroes closed their eyes, swayed their bodies, lifted their hands back and forth, and, with the manner peculiar to the race, giving themselves up to the sorrow or the transport of the moment, they sang:

"Done an' gone to glory,
To glory;
Done an' gone to glory,
Poor saint's at rest;
Leanin' on dar Saviour's breast,
Poor saint's at rest.
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye;
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye.

"Dar's no more sorrows
In glory;
Dar's no more sighin's,
Poor saint's at rest.
Jesus take 'em, He know best,
Poor saint's at rest.
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye;
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye.

"Dar's no more sinnin'
In glory;
Dar's no more dyin'
In glory.
Dar's a crown in Jesus' hand,
Dar's a shout up in de holy land,
Dar de ransom' sinner stand,
Poor saint's at rest.
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye;
Oh! we'll all git thar—
By an' bye."

The old negress moved head and hands devoutly. Her eyes were closed, and when the chorus broke out,

"Oh! we'll all git thar,"

she joined, sobbingly. Hollister and Keene stood near the minister, two well-dressed men, with proud brows and easy grace of manner. Elder Ramsay had consented to lead the services at the slave's funeral, through respect to old Hepsy's venerable age, though he considered it a great act of condescension, and took care to impress the negroes with the idea that God punished those who ran away from their masters either with great suffering or death.

"You all see before you an example of the vengeance of the Almighty," he said. "This man, at whose funeral we have met to pay the last solemn rites of humanity, had a home, and everything comfortable about him—a good master, plenty of food to eat and clothes to wear. But he began to allow foolish thoughts to enter his mind; he thought he could take care of himself better than his master could of him—and the moment he allowed such fancies to control him, the Lord forsook the man. Then all began to be darkness, trial and peril. Fear spread her black wings above him; he dreaded the very light of day. He crept into dark corners, and longed, like the poor prodigal, to go back to his master's house, where there was enough and to spare; but a foolish pride prevented him. 'He'd rather starve than go,' as we sing sometimes. And now you behold him with his doom upon him, a warning to every one of us—for me, not to forsake *my* master's service" (lifting his eyes piously); "for you, not to run away from *your* masters, but to serve them faithfully, so that the great God may say 'Well done! good and faithful servant,' or, as it should be, 'good and faithful *slave*, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

Hollister's brow grew dark. Keene looked straight at the floor, but his lip took an unconscious and scornful curve. Old Hepsy sat bolt upright, moving mouth and fingers nervously, and Elder Ramsay hurried on to the prayer. It was not long, for the day was hot and the cabin uncomfortably warm, though what little wind stirred came directly through the room. The services over, the procession was arranged, and the coffin lifted. Elder Ramsay went up to Hepsy before he left the room, saying—"The Lord comfort you."

"Hopes He will," said Hepsy, rocking herself faster; "needs it after such a 'scourse as dat; good Lord knows I does."

"An ungrateful task to do anything for these niggers," thought the minister, "bond or free, they will be nigger."

"I was obliged to make an example of him, you know," he said, smoothly.

"Yes, I knows!" cried Hepsy, though in a low voice; "an' I'll be 'bliged to you if you go out o' my cabin! 'Vengeance ob A'mighty,' ha? A'mighty cut he face an' score he back? A'mighty gib he sixty, case he couldn't beat he own chile? just tell me dat! Oh! go long layin' dese yer tings to God, jes' if He old slave-driver! go! go!" and shaking hands, head and body, she motioned him away. He hurried from the place with a frown on his brow, and a red spot on either cheek.

The funeral over, Old Hepsy returned to her home. It did not seem the same cabin that she had taken so much pride in, and which she had become accustomed to, and fond of loneliness.

"Better dar dan dis yer ole place, certain, an' de Lord's been bery merciful in 'stainin' ob me," she said to Aunt Esty, who had stolen a few moments, while the family at the Grange were at supper, to walk up to the cabin.

"Wha' we do ef 'twan't for de Lord?" exclaimed Aunt Esty, clasping her hands; "we's got no foot ob land, no money, no chill'ns, dat is, ef massa want to sell 'em; we's got notin' 'cept de blessed Lord Jesus, an' He 'specially speaks of dem da's poor, an' don't know where to lay dar heads."

The elder was moody at the tea table and his elegant little wife, noting the change, inquired the reason.

He repeated the incidents already related.

"Better have listened to me," said Mrs. Ramsay, with a way that wives will put on. "I told you I would have nothing to do with such trash. Why, the fellow was a runaway," she added, "you might get the ill-will of every slave-owner in the place. And to think of that old heathen treating you in such a way, after you had given your services."

"Sh! Sh! Cary, she isn't a heathen," said Mr. Ramsay, "though she's got some queer notions. The fellow was her son, and I suppose she felt much the same as we should feel under the circumstances."

His wife broke into a little musical laugh.

"Much the *same* as *we* should?" she exclaimed, "it's so funny of you to say *that!*" she added, with another musical laugh; "the idea of *those old Guinea niggers* thinking of their children and loving them the same as we do ours? Oh! you're *too* comical!"

"Why the very brutes love their offspring," said the elder, gravely.

"Yes, and I contend, just in the same way that these slaves do; that is, it is mere instinct; there's no intellect about it."

"I question whether the intellect has much to do with it, anyway, replied her husband.

"Why! Mr. Ramsay, what *has* got into you?" exclaimed his wife.

"She's a saucy old thing," was his only reply, as he sauntered from the supper-room, folding his splendid dressing-gown about him, and entered a beautiful library, fitted up with every appliance, so that it was a luxury only to look about.

Elder Ramsay drew up his great easy chair, and lounged, still thinking of Old Hepsy's impertinent speech. He was the picture of a well-to-do, contented man. His wife was pretty, his children were obedient, his church attentive and appreciative. They gave him a good salary, and many beautiful presents, of which latter commodity his kitchen could furnish several in the persons of sleek slaves. One of them came in just at that moment to light the large study lamp.

"I hardly think I shall trouble myself much to-night with books," he said to himself, as he was left alone again; "I'll go in with Carry, and get her to give me some music, and devote the evening to recreation."

A slave announced a visitor.

"Who is it, Charley?" asked Elder Ramsay, his brow clouding.

"'Deed, I doesn't know, sir! It's a young lady, I 'bleeves."

"Oh, well! ask her to come up. Some poor penitent, I suppose. My last Sabbath's discourse must have told somewhere," he muttered, as Charley went out.

The young lady was ushered in. She sat down as invited; seemed much agitated, and for some moments not a word was spoken on either side.

Throwing her veil back, she disclosed the sweet, fair face of Lucina, which, the minute it was divested of its veil, crimsoned with modest blushes.

"My dear young lady! you seem labouring under some distress of mind," said Elder Ramsay, with the courtesy of language and manner for which he was distinguished.

"Oh! indeed, sir, I am very, very unhappy."

"My dear young lady!" continued the elder, gently, gazing with much admiration on the lovely and expressive face, "state your case to me, and if it is in my power, I will give you consolation. Did I not see you at church last Sabbath?" he asked as an afterthought.

"No, sir," replied Lucina, "I have never attended church here."

The elder drew a long breath, somewhat disappointed that it was not the sermon, after all. Strange, very strange, he thought, while Lucina gathered courage, and after a great effort, told him her story.

It would have been amusing had it not been humiliating to note the instant metamorphosis that passed over the elder's face and manner. He turned about in a stately, chilling way—there was no more "dear young lady," but—"Ah! well—that *is* unfortunate; but I do not see as there is any help for you but to submit! I am not very particularly well acquainted with Lawyer Kenneth, and besides, it is going out of my province to have anything to do with such matters. If you are his *property*, of course he has a right to dispose of you as he pleases. The Bible, my—the Bible—ahem! young woman, sets *that* question at rest, and advises thus, if you remember: 'servants, obey your masters in the Lord.' Slavery, my—slavery is sanctioned by divine authority; the tenth commandment proves this assertion: 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant'—plainly showing by the classification of the decalogue that the man or maid-servant is as much property as the ox; and modern translators think that the word 'servant' would be more properly expressed as *slave!* You see that Divinity always contemplated a distinction of races, young woman, and I have no authority to countermand His design."

Lucina sat leaning forward, nearly stupified. She had not surely heard him aright.

"You do not—you cannot—think that the Word of God condemns me to perpetual servitude and to a life so horrible that I would die to-morrow to escape its humiliation?" said Lucina, faintly.

"Young woman! you are rash, very rash. What! take the life that God has bestowed on you? rush wilfully into His presence, a self-murderer? condemned beforehand? No! no! bear the lot that He has portioned to you, with becoming meekness and patience."

"I cannot think it is God's will!" exclaimed Lucina, her voice broken with tears.

"Beware, beware, young woman, how you speak of God's Word. You appear to be more enlightened than many of your race, and you should understand yourself better. Do you not read of Christ that He denounced idolatry and every other evil? If slavery had been sin in His sight, would He not have condemned that also? Unfortunately, your stay at the North has been adverse to your spiritual growth. The South alone, my"—("dear young lady," he would have said, for when he glanced at her face, so sweet and yet so full of intellectual beauty, he forgot himself)—"the South alone interprets the Holy Scriptures as they were intended to be understood. God's spirit dwells more specially among us, seeing we come nearest the Patriarchal dispensation, being fathers of great and happy households in the truest sense of the word."

"It seems to me that Jesus rebuked oppression, when he said, 'do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,'" said Lucina, tearfully but quietly.

"No! no! different application intended

Miscellaneous Department.

ROYAL MARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

From The London Athenæum, Jan. 16.

Of the marriages of most of our Saxon princesses little is known save the record of the fact. There was the "wedding" or betrothal, and the subsequent marriage. In the latter ceremony there were some solemn prayers, but there was no actual contract. It was not till the reign of Henry the First that the "groom" was taught by the priest to say, "I take thee, M., to be my wedded wife"; and the bride, in like sense, "I take thee, N., to be my wedded husband." Royal, noble, gentle and simple were constrained to follow the same form of words.

Some time elapsed subsequent to the Conquest before a Princess of England was married on English ground; and even then the ceremony had very much the air of an Irish abduction case. None of the daughters of William the First can be called *English* princesses. They were all Norman born.

It is not till the reign of Henry the First that we meet with a princess born on English soil, and descended from the Saxons by her mother. We allude to Matilda. She was but seven years old when an army of German nobles came hither to ask her hand for the Emperor Henry the Fifth. Her sire was hard put to it to fit out this little lass with a dowry, but the happy and natural thought struck him that it would be most seemly, and certainly most convenient, to compel the patient public to furnish the "*tocher*." Accordingly, the enormous tax of 3*s.* was levied on every hide of land throughout the kingdom! Since the establishment of that admirable precedent, it has been the privilege of the people to provide portions for the daughters of Royalty. Mary, second daughter of Stephen, was the first English Princess since the Conquest who was married in England. When Henry the Second was on the throne, the "Lady Mary" was Abbess of the solemn sisterhood at Romsey in England. She was also Countess of Boulogne, but her estate, like her person, belonged to the Church; and this circumstance rather perplexed for a while the mind of a lover, William of Alsace, who was favoured by the King, and not ill thought of by the lady. Matthew fancied, if he cou'd secularize the Princess, her property would fall into the same condition. Thereupon he took with him fourteen stout gentlemen-at-arms, crossed the Channel, sent herald of his coming to the lady—nothing loth—married her, and carried her away; while the cavaliers stood by to keep off intruders. It was a merry ride back to the coast by moonlight, and there was a boisterous passage over to Bonlogne afterward; but all was well again, when the joyous party shook their feathers and smoothed their silks, as they stood on the territory of the Boulonnais. Such was the run-away match of the first Princess Royal married on English ground.

It ended badly. There was no wonderful image in Boulogne that would work a miracle so long as the wedded couple continued together and held their property. At the end of three years the church disunited them, drove Matthew abroad as a wanderer, clapped the Princess into a convent, and assumed the guardianship of her two daughters, with the stewardship of their property.

The first really *lawful* marriage of a Princess Royal was that of Joanna, the daughter of king John, who married Alexander the Second of Scotland. The ceremony took place at York; whither the royal bridegroom was too poor to proceed at his own expense, and his journey to York and back to Scotland was paid for out of the English treasury. There were English nobles appointed to escort Alexander, but so unpopular was the honour of waiting on a needy bridegroom that some of the nobles avoided it by paying a fine—of bulls and sheep, which probably helped to furnish forth the marriage tables.

Isabella, John's second daughter, was refused as a fitting bride for Henry, King of Germany, by his father, the Emperor Frederick the Second, who subsequently asked her for her hand himself. The Imperial German sent over a splendid embassy, whose first request was that they might have a look at the lady! This request was not declined. Isabella was then at the Tower, whence, after donning her most brilliant costume, she repaired to Westminster. She was not only an unusually pretty girl, with especially sparkling eyes, but she was so self-possessed, and she so well knew how to maintain her self-dignity, that the envoys were subdued by love and admiration. The chief embassador enthusiastically pronounced her "worthy," and, placing a ring on her finger, did homage to her as Empress. Isabella, in return, sent a ring to her future lord; and when she repaired to Worms to be married, she took with her such a mighty load of clothing, and furniture, and dishes, and pots, and pans (all silvered), and light knick-knacks, and heavy boxes, that merely to catalogue them would demand a Supplement at our hands. Four kings stood by to present her to her lord, and money was scattered at the wedding festivities as if every man had a plethora of wealth, and that to bleed freely was at once a benefit and a luxury. The gorgeousness of this marriage offers a strong contrast to the private ceremony at Portsmouth, which bound Isabella's sister Eleanora to William Earl of Pembroke. At this ceremony the "groom" was less willing than the bride. When the widowed Princess Eleanora subsequently married (privately, at Westminster) the irresistible Simon de Montfort, the bride, who would fain have been a nun, was less willing than the "groom." It was a miserable match, and the misery was chiefly caused by the guilty levity of the lady, who, had she taken the veil, would have been the liveliest nun that the world ever heard of except at Farmoutier.

The reign of Henry the Third presents us with another royal marriage at York, between an English princess and a Scottish king—Margaret of Windsor and Alexander the Third. There were some curious incidents connected with this political union. The English and Scotch nobles who attended as officials or guests were quartered in two opposite divisions of the city, in order to prevent bloody collisions between them. This arrangement was only partially successful; for when these nobles or their servants encountered in the streets, very sanguinary quarrels arose, at which stones, sticks and swords were more active than argument. The antagonism between the two parties rose to so dangerous a height that the wedding of Margaret and Alexander was cleverly celebrated in a snug way so early in the morning, that the ceremony was concluded before half the riotous nobles were out of their beds. Alexander, too, was as "canny" as his predecessor and namesake who had stood at the same place to espouse an English princess. The King of England dubbed him a knight, but no persuasion or remonstrance could induce "King Sandy" to pay the usual fee! He was quite as obstinate in declining to pay any homage to Henry that might sacrifice his own independence. Henry had splendidly endowed his daughter, had bound himself to defray all the bridegroom's expenses during the whole of his absence from his kingdom, had entertained him with unparalleled splendour, feasting him at a cost of death to edible beasts, as well as to caterers and cooks who expired at their labours, and had sunk, and had squandered thousands upon thousands of pounds of our present value—but nothing could move the Scot, save the lovely eyes of his gentle lady, and even those could not open his pocket. Margaret's sister, Beatrice, married John, Earl of Bretagne; but let us pass to the first real love-match of a Princess Royal, namely, that of Eleanora, the eldest daughter of Edward I., with Henry, Duke of Bar. The duke was a visitor to the English king, and during a sojourn here of some months learned to appreciate and win the Princess Eleanora. The lover paid his own expenses, and endowed his bride with territories which made her the wealthiest of duchesses. The wedding took place in Bristol in 1293; and as the Lord Primate was absent, and his Grace of York was out of favour, the Archbishop of Dublin had the honour of uniting this pair of princely lovers. The festival held in celebration of the marriage, at Bar, in presence of the illustrious couple, ended, however, fatally. The old Duke of Brabant, stimulated by the beauty of the bride, and eagar to win the crown of victory from her hands, fought in the lists with such earnestness that something like a real combat ensued, and he received such injuries from his adversary, Sir Pierre de Baufremont, that he soon after died.

It may here be noticed that at these nuptials things did not always go as merry as the marriage bells. Thus, when the lively Joanna, another of Edward's daughters, married Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, the bride had, indeed, a splendid wardrobe provided for her by the gallant bridegroom, but her unmarried sisters wore old robes, to repair which the court tailors spent nine weary days; and as the vivacious Joanna herself happened to displease her royal parent, they took her new dresses away from her after the ceremony was over, observing that they would do for her next sister, Margaret. At the ceremony the modest sum of 28 shillings—no great *largesse*, even if we multiply it by twenty to get its equivalent in modern coin—was scattered among the people for a general scramble. We are afraid, too, that matters did not pass so pleasantly as would have been desired in the temporary hall erected at Westminster for the marriage banquet. We are sorry to say it, but some of the guests got uproariously drunk, and Foulk St. Edmonds was so much more tipsy and riotous than the rest that he actually smashed several of the tables, and, we hope, had a splitting headache next morning.

Joanna was the lady who, when she lost her lord, married privately with one of his young and handsome squires, Raul de Menermer. Her father's wrath was terrific, but the irresistible Princess at last pacified him by the remark that as it was not held disgraceful for a great Earl to marry an honest yet lowly-born maiden, she could not see why she was to be blamed for wedding with a gallant and worthy youth. And so this humble squire became the son-in-law of the King of England, who, powerful as he was, was as helpless here as any other father having a wilful daughter.

The Princess Margaret, named above, married John of Brabant, a gentleman who was more of a sportsman than a lover. They were united at Westminster in July, 1290; the bride had half Golconda on her person, and the bridegroom changed his dress not less than three times, and each change, as with equestrians in the circle, exhibited him more splendid than before. When the ceremony was over, hundreds of the nobility of both sexes traversed the streets of London singing the chorus of rejoicing; and there seems to have been a very decent attempt at an illumination at the palace, the brilliancy of which may be vouched for from the fact that four boys had been engaged a whole fortnight in collecting candles for the occasion!

It was a very ordinary circumstance for most of these royal brides to have many successive lovers before they could secure a man honest or prudent enough to keep his word. Few of them, in this respect, equalled Isabella, the eldest daughter of Edward the Third, who, after being half tied to, and wholly united from, various Continental princes, submitted to be wife, at last, to the handsome Ingram de Covey, one of the hostages in England for the ransom of the French King, John. We have said *submitted*—but, in truth, this was a match of affections, founded on pretty love-passages between the two, at the palace in the Savoy and elsewhere. They were married at Windsor, in July, 1365; and the wedding was gay and costly; but the English chroniclers rather contemptuously described the bridegroom as a certain nobleman from beyond sea, who was usually called De Covey, but whose other name, if he had any, was entirely unknown to them!

Joanna, the second daughter of Edward the Third, affords another illustration of the little delicacy with which nuptial arrangements were made at this period. She was on her way to espouse the son of the Duke of Austria; but she returned, on an intelligible intimation that courteous "Austria" had changed his mind. Subsequently she went as far as Bordeaux, awaiting there the good will of Peter the Cruel, to whom she was affianced, but as the plague smote and killed her near that city, she may be said to have had a lucky escape.

The married daughters of Edward the Fourth experienced very different destinies. The marriage of the eldest, Elizabeth, with the Earl of Richmond, Henry the Seventh, united the "Two Roses." The anxiety of both parties for this union was very great. Henry himself had been grievously alarmed by a hostile report that the princess (heiress to the Crown) was already married; and when the Parliament, on the Speaker recommending this match to him, universally rose and bowed to him in sign that such was their wish also, the new king replied, with ready alacrity, that he was "very willing so to do." This also was a January wedding. It was solemnized at Westminster in 1486; and the festival amusements consisted of tournaments, masses, dances and bonfires, rejoicing choruses and tremendous banquets throughout London. Henry VII. could not procure Royal husbands for his wife's sisters, and be accordingly united them with noble gentlemen. The Princess Cecilia, indeed, united *herself*, and that priorily, to Viscount Wells, who had been smitten by her beauty, but who, when received at Court, occupied a place at table inferior in dignity to that of his wife. She lost nothing by not meeting with a Prince; and she loved private life so well that when Lord Wells died, after a dozen years of wedlock, in 1498, Cecilia, only a few months subsequently, took for her liege lord one Thomas Kyme, a man so utterly unknown to those magnificent personages, the heralds, that he is supposed to have been a very low fellow indeed. Thomas was not acknowledged at Court, but "Cecily" lived with him, in such comfort as small means could procure, about four years. This was one of the lowest matches ever contracted by a Royal Princess of England.

Henry's daughter, Margaret, found in James IV. of Scotland a husband who considered himself equal in rank with her sire. The marriage of this Princess Royal did not take place in England, but the betrothal was celebrated at Richmond, 1502. We now find something resembling the dramatic masque among the festivities of the occasion, and poetry and song shared with mountebanks, as noble jousters did with less noble tumblers, in doing honour to the celebrations. A weary journey took the youthful princess to Holyrood, where she was formally wedded to her manly husband. It was then the custom for a Scottish king to make a morrowing gift to his bride, and James did this nobly, for on the morning after the nuptials he presented to his wife the title-deeds of the lands of Kilmarnock. The bride was as merry as the groom was liberal, and the familiarity established is widened by the fact that thus early she, and even her ladies, began clipping the king's beard—an amusement which was considered an excellent joke by the whole party. The above royal marriage was celebrated between 8 and 9 in the morning, and this has been considered as a very matutinal hour. But some years later, and in the same month, August, Mary Stuart, in widow's weeds, stood at the same altar, with "that long lad," Lord Darnley, and their nuptials were all over between 5 and 6 o'clock—long before breakfast time.

The most romantic of all the marriages of our princesses was perhaps that of Mary, the next daughter of Henry VII. She was the lady of many suitors, loving herself but one, and he a subject of her brother, Henry VIII. A king won her and wedded her, Louis XII. of France; and yet she married the subject, her true lover, after all. She was sent across the sea to her royal husband; and, with an escort of 2,000 archers of Henry's body-guard, a bevy of very pale knights and paler ladies, was cast ashore, about three leagues to the east of Boulogne, where there still stands a hut which is said to have been the temporary palace of "Madame Mary, pearl of England." There was a wild sort of Court held on the sands, and some gay doings, at which one Mistress Anne Boleyn was among the most lively performers. Then there was a gayer *cortège* to Abbeville, where Louis XII. espoused Madam Mary, to whom the city made substantial presents of oxen, sheep, corn, and *vin ordinaire*. In a few months the queen was a widow, and then speedily ensued that private marriage with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—which, being an accomplished fact, the king was fain to sanction. The princess kept house in the Borough: and the dust of a wife, who was happier with a duke than with a king, lies within the splendid ruins of Bury St. Edmunds.

We pass by the marriage of Queen Mary Tudor with Phillip II. at Winchester, to notice that of "a princess" of England—namely, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., to Frederick, Count Palentine, afterward the "Winter King" of Bohemia. The most singular incident connected with the performance of this marriage was that it was regularly asked by the publication of banns in the Chapel Royal! The nuptials were celebrated in February, 1613. So pure and brilliant looked the bride and her twelve maids that their passage, it was said, "looked like a Milky Way." The expenses of this gorgeously celebrated marriage cost the country nearly £100,000; nearly £8,000 was expended in fireworks alone on the Thames. The lords and ladies about Court got up a masque, at their own charge, and says Windwood, "I hear there is an order given for £1,500 to provide one upon the King's cost." A gigantic outlay for a miserable result!

In May, 1641, occurred the last of what may be called the child-marriages, when Mary, daughter of Charles I., then in her tenth year, was married in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, to William, afterward second Prince of Orange. There was a bevy of very little bridesmaids, all in cloth of silver, and Bishop Wren blessed the happy union! The bridegroom was only eleven. The wedding festivity had much the aspect of a good romping "children's party"; and when King, Queen and Court escorted the children to their respective rooms, there were few more weary than the little hero and heroine of the day.

After a lapse of six-and-thirty years, another Mary, daughter of the Duke of York (James II.), was married to another and a greater William of Orange, the son of the couple last mentioned. This was in November, 1677. The lady is said to have been unwilling and Charles II. had no greater delight than in making the grave Dutch lover drunk, and inducing him to break the windows of the maids of honour? The incident worth remarking on this occasion is that the ceremony of marriage took place in the bed-chamber of the princess at 9 o'clock at night. Charles II. acted as "father," and kept the whole assembly in ecstacy or wonder at the excess of his joviality and his loud irreverence. He interrupted the Bishop, and talked jokingly to the bride, answered more than was set down for him as "father," and finally, after supper was over, speeches made, posset drunk and cake broken, the merry and tipsy monarch drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and a halloo such as Squire Western might have given of "St. George for England!"

The same joyous "father" gave away the Princess Anne to George of Denmark in July, 1683. The ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal at St. James's, and was splendid and tolerably decorous. The people were not forgotten on this occasion. Wine, conduit-shows and diversions were provided for them gratis, and the church-bells clanged from every steeple throughout the entire night.

The first marriage in England, of a Princess of the Georgian era occurred just half a century after the marriage last recorded. In March, 1733, the Prince of Orange, whom Queen Caroline called an "animal," and George the Second a "baboon," was espoused to the Princess Anne "in the French Chapel," St. James's. The groom was hideously ugly, and the bride was marked by the small-pox. The ceremony took place in the evening. At midnight there was a public supper, and at two in the morning the unromantic couple sat up in bed in rich undresses, while the Court and nobility, as a chronicler remarks, "fresh from an exhilarating supper and strong wines, defiled before them, making pleasant remarks the while, as fair gentlemen used to make who were born in our Augustan age." As similar observances marked the other royal marriages of such children of George the Second as entered into the happy state, a simple record of the fact to mark the tone of the times will suffice.

The custom, which had grown out of the solemn pageant which used to take the bride and bridegroom to their thresholds and there leave them with honest blessings and good wishes, was omitted at the wedding of George the Third with Queen Charlotte. But even on that occasion the bride, who had been travelling all day, had to sup in public, and could hardly hold up that remarkably plain face of hers, when two in the morning struck, and she was permitted to retire.

Soon afterward—when the Duke of Brunswick married the Princess Augusta—a very beggarly wedding was followed by a right royal supper at Leicester House; and never since that time have kings, queens and such-like august personages assembled to hold high festival in "Lincoln Fields." On this occasion, however, dramatic festivities marked the event; and with our usual happy felicity, the bridegroom was entertained at Covent Garden with a comedy bearing the remarkably appropriate title, "He's nobody's enemy but his own!" At the opera, the crowd was so great that ladies got out of their sedans in Piccadilly; and powdered beaux, going before them and imitating the knights of old, as far as in them lay, drew their bodkin swords and threatened to cut a way for the ladies to the doors of their boxes.

The then daughter of George the Third, who entered into the marriage state, died childless. The eldest—Charlotte, the Pincess Royal—was rather unwillingly given, in 1797, to the Prince of Wurtemburg, the mysterious death of whose first wife, the sister of Caroline of Brunswick, caused him to be looked upon as a sort of modern Blue Beard. The bride was dowered, not with an annuity, but with a portion of £80,000. Neither feudal law nor statute granted this dowry, but the will of the people through their representatives in Parliament. In like manner the public purse was opened when the Princess Mary married her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester. But when, two years later, the Princess Elizabeth was in very ripe years united to the Prince of Hesse Homberg, the Ministers acknowledged that her previous settlement of £9,000 a year was sufficient; and unscrupulous as they had been in asking the Commons for money, they had not the face, in this instance, to apply for an especial dowry; and with not much more ceremony than became an ordinary lady and gentleman, the match, on which the public looked with indifference, was concluded.

There remains but one more marriage to be noticed, that of the daughter of George the Fourth, the princess Charlotte of Wales, who was married at Carleton House, late on a May evening in 1816, to prince Leopold, the present king of the Belgians. The whole ceremony, save that it did not take place in a consecrated building, was as dignified and refined as could be desired. The bride's waist, indeed, was just under her arms, and the "groom" had a livery sort of look in his knee breeches—but fashion then saved them from the ridiculous look which they wear in the pictures of the time. The prince looked about him with his usual inquiring glance, as if to see what people thought of him. The bride was in high spirits, showed her foot, as she was wont to do, and, as one who heard her informs us, gave out a charmingly distinct "*Yes*, I will," in answer to the all-important query of the ceremony, which raised a smile on the faces of all around. Was it not singular that, at one of her earliest visits to the theatre, the manager could think of no daintier after-dish to set before her than "Tom Thumb!" She very properly left the house before it was concluded.

The last word reminds us of a duty we, too, have to perform, to conclude this record, tracing nuptial ceremonies, before our readers imitate the Princess of Wales. We do so with the sincere wish that the next royal bride who may leave the Chapel Royal, supported by her princely husband, may possess, in its utmost fullness, the sole or the crowning happiness which a wife is permitted to enjoy—love, in her married state.

For The Standard.

A RIDE THROUGH THE PINES.

Down swept the mountain blast,
And swifter than the wind
Our good steeds bore us on,
Three hours before the dawn,
Through the forests of the Pine.

The pine trees stood around,
Like warders grim and tall,
Mid banners waving high
Beneath an angry sky,
By some beleaguered wall;

While through the boughs above
The winding night winds sweep;
Sad as a funeral hymn,
Chanted in cloisters dim,
While mourners watch and weep.

On, through the winding wood,
White with the drifted snow;
I thought of one long dead,
And not a word was said
As on—still on—we go.

Why should that still, white face
I loved in the years gone by
Rise up to haunt me there—
That light in her golden hair,
That look in her mournful eye!

I know she loved me well,
With a love unchanged for aye;
Mine was a meteor gleam,
Sweet as a morning dream;
Like a dream it passed away.

They said her brain was crazed
When she sought the icy wave;
I know not—but well I know
She comes with that face of woe
Whenever the night-winds rave.

List! how mournfully now
Through the boughs the lull'd wind sighs;
'Tis the wail of a stricken heart
When life and hope and depart
With the light from the weary eyes.

On, through the winding wood—
Now the trees are left behind.
Away! with the visions mild
That my frighted soul beguiled
In the forests of the pine.

T. E. D.

THE LEFT EYE.

From the German.

A rich old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for extraordinary wisdom.

One morning, as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them on his return. The two elder asked him for trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make, which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish, though it was at the price of his life.

"If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you to do as follows: Sell your cattle, except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chau's left eye."

The old man was startled—however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else than the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ears of the Chan's courtiers. At first, they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman before the Chan.

The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, whose motives he was perfectly ignorant of; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked:

"Why dost thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my prince, that, after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me."

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?"

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and people."

"Name it."

"Prince," repliied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and the noble generally stand on the right hand, while the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favourest the noble and rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy left eye, it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceeding was the effect of malice or wisdom. Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top. Kookju threw it into the water and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, while the top rose to the surface. After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton, and seeing that one coiled itself up in a ring, while the other crept away, she judged the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan; his vanity was hurt; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He, therefore, ordered her before him, and asked:

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those who have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches." The Chan then led her to a fence, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over; and Kookju said:

"To cross it would be the farthest, going around nearest."

The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies; and, having reflected for some time, he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with some good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a peahen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means of attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him and said, "Confess, O, Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledging her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *left eye*.

For The Standard.

TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

To live and strive in dark and troublous times
When men may stake their lives, if need there be,
And mount the bloody scaffold steadily,
To be o'erwhelmed 'mid carnage and 'mid crimes
Were light. With one great deed another rhymes
Through the wide realms of space melodiously,
And solemn o'er time's dim and shoreless sea
One grand life with another ever chimes.
'Tis harder far to brave the daily hate
Of those whose trade it is to plat the thorn,
The paltering priests, who unrelenting wait
With this for thee, but tinsel to adorn
Our tricksters, gambling at the game of State,
And find no word to say our settled scorn.

Amid this venal mob 'tis only thou,
And such as thou, that even make us feel
We have a country. Never tempered steel
Was truer to the North. We know not how
This strife may end—that thou wilt never bow
Before the South, while others willing kneel,
But, faithful to our Northern Commonweal,
Wilt stand, we know, with still undaunted brow.
Thou hast no part nor place with that base herd
Who swift have brought upon our nation's name
A whole world's scorn, while that world's heart is stirred
With dread and wonder at the shameful fame
Of that career for which there is no word—
For which all English words are weak and tame!

Chester County, Pa., November, 1857. H. W. G.

* Written after reading his speech delivered at Abington, Mass. on the First of August, 1857.

A Sea Wave.—If one could but introduce the image of a true sea-wave, one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing by but once, dividing, Red Sea like, on right hand and left, setting close before our eyes for once, in inevitable truth, what a sea-wave really is: its green mountainous giddiness of wrath; its overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge; its furrowed flanks all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm abyss below, that has no fury and no voice, but is as a grave always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass!—*Ruskin.*

For The Standard.

REST AND LABOUR.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past."—*Russian Proverb.*

I.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace."
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God, in his kindness answereth not.

II.

Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest
Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Never more fears.
So cry we afterwards, low at our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

Can any correspondent of The Anti-Slavery Standard give the authorship of the above beautiful lines?

New York, February 16th.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

In a sale of books which took place a few days ago at Paris, a copy of the Psalms, printed by Gutenberg at Mayence, in 1461, was purchased for 14,500fr., after Baron Rothschild had been a bidder up to 14,000fr.

——The Family of the Ettrick Shepherd.—Lord Palmerston has intimated to Miss Hogg, the eldest daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd, that her Majesty has been pleased, in consideration of her father's genius, to confer upon her a civil list pension of £40 a year. A few years ago Lord Aberdeen bestowed on Mrs. Hogg, the poet's widow, a pension of £30, which she continues to enjoy.

——Duchess of Sutherland.—The Duchess of Sutherland has taken great interest in the success of the grand fancy bazaar which was opened for four days this week in the Music Hall of the Surrey Gardens, in aid of the fund for erecting a place of worship for Mr. Spurgeon. Through the exertions of her Grace more articles of taste and art, the work of fashionable fingers, found their way into the recesses of the stalls than was ever known to be collected for such a purpose before.—*Court Circular.*

——A Philanthropist and a Misanthrope.—A misanthrope hates all mankind, but is kind to everybody—generally too kind. A philanthrope loves the whole human race, but dislikes his wife, his mother, his brother, his friends and acquaintances. Misanthrope is like the potato—rough and repulsive outside, but good to the core. Philanthrope is a peach—his manner all velvet and bloom, and his words sweet juice, but his heart of hearts a stone. Let me read Philanthrope's book, and fall into the hands of Misanthrope.—*White Lies.*

——The Father of Sir Robert Peel.—Old Robert Peel was an acute money-scraping man, an enemy to the corn law, while his son supported it. Two stories will illustrate his character: Colonel Peel, then, who was much and deservedly respected, kept race-horses during his father's life-time, and the old gentleman frequently remonstrated with him on the subject in vain. "You cannot afford to keep them. What a heavy expense they must be! Why don't you turn them into Drayton Park, the grass is growing to waste there? The man to whom I let it has gone off without paying me." The son turned in his horses, and they were seized by the father for the rent due from the previous occupier. So, when the Tamworth bank had a run upon it, Sir Robert went behind the counter, and paid the notes himself. When this was observed, the country people said, "Oh! there is rich Sir Robert Peel paying away the money himself—I shan't take out mine." "Nor I," said another; "nor I," said a third. In less than a year afterwards, the bank broke, much injured the people in the neighbourhood; but the old gentleman had no assets there.—*Redding's Fifty Years' Recollections.*

——The late Dean of Westminster instituted a series of experiments with a view of testing the truth of the numerous stories in circulation respecting toads found alive in blocks of stone. Whenever the animals were enclosed in substance which admitted of *no* communication with the air, they died in a few months; whenever there was a communication, however slight, with the air, they lived, and, what is more, *increased in weight*, showing that insects must have been admitted through the polous material. If, therefore, we suppose a young toad to have sought for shelter in the crevice of a rock or tree, by some very narrow aperture, it would find abundance of nutriment in the insects which came there, and in the course of time would grow to a size which would prevent its egress. The hole may have been further blocked up by clay or gravel, yet still admitting the air, the toad would continue to flourish. Such a hole would easily escape the uncritical observation of workmen.

——Mr. Buckland, son of the late Dean, tells the following amusing story: "Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green-tree frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow passengers were sleepy, old smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place; and after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and, with one accord, all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made seemed, in the closed compartment of the coach, quite deafening; well might the German look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times."

——Thomson and Quin.—Thomson, the poet, when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. Upon the publication of his Seasons, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper way to get his money.

The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read the Seasons, but never seen their author; and he was told that Thomson was in a sponging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went, and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, but my name is Quin." Thomson said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or merit, and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse.

When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin told him it was "now time to enter upon business." Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in anything he could command (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama). "Sir," says Quin, "you mistake me; I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you."

Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied that, as he was a gentleman whom he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to trifle with his misfortunes. "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is"; and, suiting the action to the word, immediately laid a bank-note of that value before him.

Thomson, astonished, begged he would explain himself.

"Why," said Quin, "I will tell you. Soon after I had read your Seasons, I took it into my head that, as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will. Among the rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the Seasons for a hundred pounds; and, this day hearing that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself as order my executors to pay it, when perhaps you might have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is my business."

——A Horrible Blue-Stocking.—Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defence of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation, "I do not care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself, which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little—except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's Principia, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity; and Madame de Stael, the bedchamber-woman of the Duchess de Maine, well known by her lively memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character which should scare away imitators, as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight, the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night, and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to apear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged; and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and, methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was more hated than she was thoroughly despised.—*Quarterly Review.*

——The Manufacture of Words.—No permission has been so much abused in our day as that of Horace for the manufacture of words. He allows men to mould one now and then, with a modest discretion and caution; but he is addressing poets, not venders of patent leathers or dealers in marine stores. Would he not have stood aghast at the term "antigropylos"? Would it not puzzle a Scaliger or Bentley? It is time, we protest, to put a stop to these vile coinages, when every breeches-maker or blackening-manufacturer invents a compound word of six syllables as expressive of his wares. Ladies do not wear petticoats now-a-days, but crinolines. What is their name for garters? Men do not ride horseback as aforetime—they take equestrian exercises; women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymeneal altar. A bookseller, forsooth, becomes a bibliopole; and a servant is converted into a manciple. Barbers do not sell tooth-powders and shaving soap as their fathers did, but odonto and dentrifice, rypophagon; hair-wash has passed away—it is called capillary fluid. Can any one tell us what is the meaning of "diagnosis" as applicable to disease? If it has significance at all, we will guarantee to find half a dozen Saxon monysyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with blood-letting, and, for our own part, we always associate the term with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive, O! in an Irish hotel. Who would believe that "epistaxis" means simply bleeding his fist and telling another to "lock out for his epistaxis"? What is meant by the fashionable word "aesthetics"? We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is *William Wordsworth; a Biography*, by Elwin Paxton Wood. Well, what do you read? "By aesthetic biography," he says, "is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes." Simply intended! Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What, again, are we to understand by the words "objective" and "subjective," which every goose with his sham metaphysics has now-a-days on his lips?—*Frazer's Magazine.*

——The Wandering Jew.—We have often smiled at the strange legend of the "Wandering Jew," accursed for having shown himself without pity for the Son of Man when he was on the point of death; who was condemned to a never-ending march over the surface of the globe, with his white beard, his piteous air, and his last remaining coins always renewed in his purse. All this is certainly very absurd. But when, in this singular legend, you recognise the impression that the middle age had formed of the Jewish people, always in motion, always chased from country to country, everywhere prostrated under the malediction which it anciently invoked upon itself, and which at the same time indestructible, resisting all evils, gaining money even in places where no one else would have known how to find a penny, always miserable, and yet always knowing how to extricate itself from its troubles—do we not recognise in this legend matter for reflection, and see how wisdom is often found in the mouths of children?

That the above view is the real sense of the legend of the Wandering Jew is shown by the very different form under which it appears in the East. There the Jew is not a "Wanderer," he is